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THE LEEDS REFORM CONFERENCE.

THE announcements which were made with great minuteness at the beginning of this week as to the Conference of Radicals at Leeds may have been intended, but certainly were not wisely calculated, to alarm political opponents. In the first place (for the term Radicals has just been used advisedly) the style, "Conference of the Liberal Party," could hardly have been more happily devised to show with how much justice moderate politicians object to the taking in vain of the name Liberal which is at present common. Almost every Member of Parliament advertised to take part in the proceedings belongs to the Radical wing, and to the left feathers of that wing. Perhaps the word "feather" is unkind to Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, as suggesting too pointedly a celebrated passage of *Absalom and Achitophel*. Scarcely one Liberal of the type of Mr. WHITBREAD, of Mr. GOSCHEN, or even of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT picks out the monotonous red of the catalogue with a dash of soberer hue, and Mr. HENEAGE, the only exception, must have had somewhat the air of a captive led in triumph by his victors. Mr. BRIGHT naturally enough was announced to preside, and the good-natured Moderate could only hope that he would not damp the spirits of the allies among whom he found himself as he did on a famous occasion at Birmingham. The list of the names of movers and seconders of resolutions told a similar tale. With the exception of a notorious Nonconformist minister, who holds the keys of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S conscience (the penitent has acknowledged the director, so there is nothing improper in referring to the connection), and who is somewhat famous for his new reading of SWIFT'S famous paradox, to the effect that in order to maintain Christianity it is necessary to abolish the Church of England, all, or almost all, are chairmen or secretaries of Caucuses. The moral of the analysis is sufficiently plain. It is almost impossible to get any member except of the Mountain to countenance the meeting, and it is impossible to get any but members of the Schnadhorstian Ring to father its work. This at least hardly looks like that essential unity of purpose between all sections of the Liberal party of which so much is made by those who wish to give to the word Liberal a sense which it has assuredly not hitherto borne.

The damaging effect of this examination is not mended or lessened by a study of the agenda and of the comments of various Liberal organs upon them, as collected by the invaluable industry of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A battle royal was portended by the amendment to the very first resolution, to which Dr. DALE is sponsor. This indicated the extension of the franchise as the first thing to be dealt with, while Mr. FIRTH pleaded in the amendment for his darling project of a London Commune. Mr. FIRTH'S provincial friends, as represented by their newspapers, are far from sharing his views. Most of them hint that Birmingham and Manchester, Newcastle and Leeds, care very little about Mr. FIRTH and his projects, and some of them go so far as to blurt out the true but most unpleasant addition that, according to the best intelligence, Londoners care less. The second resolution urged the complete equalization from the point of view of the franchise of householders in counties and boroughs; but here again the happy family was divided by an amendment moved by the supporters of women's suffrage. The third demanded a measure of redistribution subsequent to the measure of extension, which shall give an equal value to every vote. To this no amend-

ment appears—a circumstance which may be sufficiently explained by the absence above noted of the whole moderate Liberal party. The fourth attacked the minority seats, and here at least Mr. BRIGHT was in harmony with the new faces, other minds, whom on these occasions he meets with an unwillingness that even a common hatred of Tories, bishops, and the greatness of England does not wholly obscure. The fifth resolution dealt entirely with details, intended, indeed, to secure a more completely democratic exercise of the franchise, but comparatively unimportant in connexion with the more sweeping alterations in the Constitution previously demanded. With equal electoral districts, general household suffrage, and the removal of the mild provisions which at present secure that in a few constituencies, at intervals of six years or so, half the electors lacking one shall not be deprived of all voice in the councils of the nation by half the electors plus one, it would be an active and a courageous mind which busied itself very earnestly with the length of the hours of polling, the details of registration, and the question whether persons utterly unfit to exercise any franchise at all shall be allowed to exercise it after twelve months' or after twelve hours' nominal qualification.

Nor did the actual proceedings of the meeting lessen the impression thus created. There was much tall talk, of course; that was to be expected. Mr. BRIGHT was not too depressing, and played the part of a NESTOR with an objection to the House of Lords successfully enough. The resolutions, notwithstanding amendments, were carried unanimously or overwhelmingly; it would have been a gross insult to Mr. SCHNADHORST and his duplicates to expect that they would not be so carried. An audience which, as the reporters assert, laughed at Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S jokes before they were uttered, naturally accepted Mr. MORLEY'S resolutions before they were put to the vote. But the discussion and the sentiments uttered in it illustrated remarkably the theory of disintegration which has just been put in the *Quarterly Review*, and that in a manner which the writer could hardly have anticipated. The hopeless cleavage of the Liberal-Radical party, and the hollowness of the means which are now used to conceal that cleavage, appeared unmistakably. No general principle animated the meeting, except perhaps what a correspondent of the *Daily News* quaintly called the other day "a thirst for big legislation," and a still greater thirst for the retention of party power. When Mr. HENEAGE, playing the somewhat *triste* part already referred to begged the meeting not to dictate to Government the order of the measures which Government should undertake, the meeting, though he was backed by Mr. BRIGHT and, more formally, by Mr. BRIGHT'S son, would have none of him, and very rightly; for what is the good of a Caucus if it does not dictate? When poor Mr. FIRTH produced his vouchers for six million and a half supporters of his London Commune, the representatives of the country Communes practically laughed at him, and some of the speakers indulged in language which shows that, among the fruits of the new political system, a settled antipathy between capital and country is by no means improbable. The leaders of the party, and especially Mr. GLADSTONE, in their reckless haste to get into office *quocunque modo*, encouraged this feeling some years ago, and it is not improbable that they may experience very serious inconvenience from it. For this inconvenience the mean would be soon made; but it is otherwise with the

introduction of an entirely novel mischief into English politics. Certainly the symptoms which were on Wednesday and Thursday unmistakable form a very curious comment on Mr. MORLEY's rose-coloured dreams of the Conference and its results as "drawing all classes more closely together," and so forth. Disintegration, and disintegration only, can be the result of such a policy and such a machinery. But even these things, remarkable as they were, were less remarkable than the arguments chiefly used for preferring the extension of the franchise to all other measures. It would be impossible for the most spiteful Tory, smarting under the unforgotten defeat of 1880, to speak more contemptuously of the present Parliament, or to express a lower opinion of the people of this country, than that to which these Conscript Fathers of Caucusdom gave utterance. The reasons for hurrying on the enfranchisement of millions of ignorant labourers are, it is instructive to learn from Dr. DALE and others, two. In the first place the present Radical House of Commons, the present overwhelming Gladstonian majority, the pure flower and fruit of the great uprising of 1880, is, three years and a few months after its election, so rotten, effete, and untrustworthy, that if the great work of enfranchisement of ignorance is not got out of it at once, there is no saying what it may do; it is not safe to let it expend any of its feeble force and will on anything else. In the second place, the present constituencies, despite the great exploit of three years ago, are still too little ignorant, still too much leavened with the vice of political independence, to be trusted on another occasion. Unless swamped with Mr. ARCH's clients before another general election, there is even no knowing that they might not commit the horrible atrocity of returning a Conservative majority. That on the supposition that the election of 1880 expressed the will of the country, the dreaded election of 1884 or any other year would, on their own theory, equally express the will of the country, and therefore demand and deserve obedience, does not seem to have occurred to these enlightened patriots. Almost every speech at Leeds was animated by the spirit of the purest gerrymandering. Manipulate the franchise, the boundaries, the limitations of voting, with one sole end—the returning of the greatest number of Radical members to Parliament—that was the cry of each and of all. It would have seemed antecedently impossible that in a large Conference the utterances of Mr. FIRTH should be favourably distinguished from others. Yet Mr. FIRTH, mischievous as are his aims, ill founded as are his statements, inconclusive as are his arguments, at least argued on Wednesday like a man who honestly believes in a certain definite and constructive scheme, and wishes to carry it out. The rest of the speakers, with rare exceptions, seem to have considered nothing but how to secure for their party the greatest share of power and preserve that share for the longest possible time. Nor is it uninteresting to contrast with the enthusiasm for the unity and greatness of the Empire which was shown recently in response to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the applause of the Leeds meeting when a person of the name of HOYLE jeered at "the pre-eminence of England in the councils of Europe."

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

TWO accidental events remind the ordinary newspaper reader that there are great political communities which have no concern with Egypt, with India, or Bulgaria, or with the rivalry of Germany and France. The CHIEF JUSTICE of England has been cultivating friendly relations with the American Bar, and a new Viceroy is on his way to Canada. The active politicians who are largely represented in the legal profession enjoy at present ample leisure for social courtesies and pleasures. It happens that the current autumn elections are comparatively unimportant; and it is found impossible to excite any general interest in next year's Presidential contest. The election of a Democratic majority in the State Legislature of Ohio ensures the reappointment of Mr. PENDLETON to the Senate. On the other hand, the Republicans have obtained a victory in Iowa. The managers of the two parties must find some difficulty in constructing platforms or professions of political opinion which may be reciprocally distinguishable. The Republicans are more outspoken in promises of protective duties, though the Democrats are still afraid to alienate the Atlantic States by open adhesion to Free-trade. The party which has long been in opposition is perhaps the more

zealous of the two in its denunciation of the abuses of patronage and in the demand for Civil Service reform. The Republicans are, with doubtful advantage to their cause, disposed in some of the States to interfere with the trade in liquor; but the question lies outside the sphere of Federal legislation.

As issues of political theory and practice become insignificant or evanescent, the personal pretensions of candidates for party nominations attract more general attention. The admirers of two candidates for the Presidency boast that Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. TILDEN are the most accomplished wire-pullers in the Union. Both possess acknowledged ability, and both occupy high positions, for one is actually President and the other was seven years ago elected to the same office by a majority of votes. It is perhaps owing to the skill and influence of the two New York leaders that both parties have composed their respective internal feuds. The so-called Stalwarts now co-operate with the Republican supporters of the PRESIDENT, and the New York Democrats have admitted Mr. KELLY and his Tammany Hall followers to a share in the direction of the party. Mr. TILDEN has a competitor not to be despised in the person of General BUTLER, who will seek the Democratic nomination, if he succeeds in obtaining re-election to the office of Governor of Massachusetts. As personal qualifications will be more than ordinarily important in the absence of serious political issues, it would seem improbable that a great party should associate itself with the claims of General BUTLER; but his election to the highest office in the model State of Massachusetts had before the event seemed not less unlikely. Having at different times belonged to all parties, General BUTLER seems to have enlisted in each a certain number of steady adherents; but the miscellaneous crowd of Greenbackers, Socialists, and Trade-Unionists will scarcely be admitted to a Democratic Convention. On the Republican side Mr. SHERMAN is still an avowed candidate, and, although nothing has lately been heard of Mr. CONKLING and Mr. BLAINE, their respective partisans will probably prefer their claims at the proper time. Mr. ARTHUR has not incurred discredit in his administration; but the allowance of a second term to a President who has only succeeded to office by accident would be an innovation.

American Presidents, though the machinery by which they are elevated sometimes provokes a smile, have, with few exceptions, proved themselves fairly competent for their important duties. The Chief Magistrate of Canada is selected by a different method, which has also produced satisfactory results. The English Ministers who make the appointment have, especially of late years, shown sound judgment in their choice of dignitaries who have delicate functions to discharge. A President of the United States has large constitutional powers, which he exercises in entire independence of the more popular branch of the Legislature, while he is only subject to the indirect control of the Senate through the necessity of procuring legal confirmation of his appointments. The usurpation, as it is generally considered, of the President's patronage by the majority of the Senate has apparently not obtained general approval. The veto on the measures of Congress is frequently applied; and, in many instances, it is final. In general it may be said that none of the large prerogatives which were vested in the President by the Constitution have been allowed to lapse by desuetude, or to pass after the English fashion into the state of legal fictions. The Governor-General of Canada must depend for influence on his personal capacity, and, to a certain extent, on his high position. Though he is intended to represent the dignity and habitual inaction of the Crown, he commands but little of the deference which English Ministers still pay to the Sovereign. His official advisers are exclusively responsible to the Legislature, or rather to the House of Commons. It has been decided during the Viceroyalty of Lord LORNE that the Ministers of the Dominion may overrule the Governor-General, if he proposes to act in accordance with the decisions of a provincial Legislature. Successive Viceroys had found themselves obliged to sanction fiscal measures of which, in common with all English statesmen, they thoroughly disapproved.

The present Constitution of Canada was formed partly on an English and partly on an American model. The Governor-General was to resemble a constitutional king; and it was foreseen that the House of Commons would acquire the supreme power which has been gradually and completely attained by its English prototype. The Upper

House was copied from the American Senate; but experience has shown that the delegates of Canadian provinces are far inferior in power and in consideration to the representatives of States which are still nominally sovereign. The Senate is, with the exception of the House of Lords, the only Second Chamber in the world which fulfils the purpose of its existence; and it has the exclusive merit of overshadowing the other branch of Congress, which is returned on the vicious basis of universal suffrage distributed in equal electoral districts. If it is true that Lord COLERIDGE has professed himself a follower of Mr. BRIGHT, he holds more extreme political opinions than those of either American party. Although the independence of the States has been greatly curtailed by the results of the Civil War, the Senate retains the character which it acquired from its first foundation. In a country where the majority of the population is otherwise supreme, the Senate is respected and obeyed because its members are chosen by comparatively small constituencies which pay some regard to ability and character. The Canadian Upper House, together with the Governor-General, would be powerless against the House of Commons, while the American President, if he acts in concert with the majority of the Senate, has often afforded to disregard the hostility of the House of Representatives. On the other hand, it has been found by experience that the tenure of power by political leaders is more durable in Canada than in the United States. Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his principal opponent have divided between them the possession of office since the establishment of the Dominion. Canadian politicians have not had the good fortune to obtain the approval of a severe critic who has for years past taken up his residence in their country; but, on the whole, their administration appears to have been compatible with the maintenance of order and the growth of prosperity.

The English Constitution of the present day has become, through the operation of historical causes, the most singular and most artificial of all the political organizations which had until lately been known in the history of the world. The Crown and the House of Lords still retain the nominal attributes which once expressed their predominance in the State; but the Cabinet, which is really a Committee nominated by the majority of the House of Commons, has in practice superseded the king. There are some indications of a further change, by which the House of Commons may in turn be forced to submit to the control of constituencies, but speculations on the future are always doubtful. For the present it may be said that no constituted authority in England corresponds to the legal definition of its character. The still more complex contrivance of responsible government in the colonies has, unlike the English Constitution, been deliberately invented within twenty or thirty years. It is by law, and not by an unforeseen change of circumstances, that Colonial Governors are forbidden to govern, and that ostensible subjection to the Crown is reconciled with almost entire independence. The system is paradoxical; but it was suggested by political wisdom. The colonies could only be retained by devices which give the bond of union unlimited elasticity. It is no mean proof of the political aptitude of the English aristocracy, and of the official class, that almost every Colonial Governor has so far understood his anomalous position as to have acted in harmony with the Ministers imposed on him by local majorities. In the great Dominion of Canada there has been no collision; and it may be confidently anticipated that the new Viceroy will be as successful as his immediate predecessors. Lord DUFFERIN entered on his duties in Canada with the firm determination of correcting to the utmost of his power the unfavourable impression which had been produced by the ill-judged language of a few English Ministers, and of some pedantic politicians. It had become a fashion to profess indifference to the maintenance of the Colonial Empire, and the Canadians were virtually invited to choose between independence and absorption in the United States. Lord DUFFERIN from his arrival chose the opposite course of assuming and, on all fit occasions, of expressing the loyalty of the Dominion and the grateful regard of the mother-country. His felicitous eloquence could not have been better employed; and the consequence was that, although he never encroached on the functions of his Ministers, he acquired before the expiration of his term great political and social influence. Lord LORNE followed his example with similar results; and Lord LANSDOWNE, who has already acquired a considerable reputation, will be

a not less competent representative of the Crown. The English mode of choosing the head of the Executive Department is so far preferable to the American practice that the Viceroy stands apart from political factions, while the President is professedly and necessarily a member of a party. Lord LANSDOWNE will have no difficulty in giving hearty support to any Ministry which, during his tenure of office, may command a majority in the Canadian House of Commons.

TATTYBOYS' RENTS.

NAMES do occasionally throw some light on the nature of things. The popular name for the tenements, or rather dens, in which the poor are lodged in crowded parts of London illustrates the view taken of these dwellings by their owners and tenants. If any one, out of curiosity or benevolence, asks one of the waifs whom the slums send up to beg in the streets "where he or she lives," the answer will be in "Tattyboy's Rents," in "Coger's Rents," always in somebody's "Rents" in Westminster or the Borough. The truth is that the fetid nests of half-naked and wholly savage people, living, it may be, on the scanty gains of crime, are "Rents" and not houses. They represent so many pounds a year in the pockets of somebody, some successor of the eponymous COGER or TATTYBOY. As for keeping these dens clean, or weather-proof, as for preventing the crowding which is the direct cause of disease and crime, the heir of the original TATTYBOY or COGER cares not one penny. And the practical question is, How are we to get hold of the owners of some of the "best-paying property in London," and shame or constrain them into some regard for decency? The abominations of these "Rents" were exposed some months ago, when a fire in a slum caused several deaths, and let light, air, and publicity into the festering holes which yield some callous capitalist fifty or sixty per cent. A pamphlet published, or about to be published, by "The London Congregational Union," and condensed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for October 16, gives more material to the inquirer who wishes to know how the poor sometimes live in London.

In wide and comparatively airy streets, such as Oxford Street, you occasionally see a very narrow alley. Follow it, and you find it getting darker and narrower, till you reach a "court," where black, broken windows, mended with old hats, look out on a pavement strewn and piled with sewage and refuse. The staircases which lead from swarming flat to flat in the houses are slimy, rotten, and full of treacherous holes. The plaster has fallen from the walls, and rats are noisy behind the dropping mortar and dirty laths. The vermin, the filth are things that it would sicken M. ZOLA to describe. The very roofs are shambles of dead birds and cats. "Here is a hole in the wall," says the pamphlet of the Congregational Union, "which has been repaired by 'the landlord.' What is the nature of his unexhausted improvement? 'He has done it by nailing a few pieces of 'an old soap-box over the place, and for this he has put 'threepence a week upon the rent. . . Houses that have 'been condemned by the authorities are very gold-mines to 'sleek speculators.'"

Very well; here we have a tangible grievance, and some one who is responsible for the most perilous and disgraceful of social evils. Every one knows how difficult it is to move "authorities" when the poor are the people who suffer and some opulent vestryman is the oppressor. The process of getting a rookery condemned and then removed is a dilatory one. People may despair and give up the labour before all is done that the law, such as we have it, requires. According to the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Improvement Act, 1875, the first step in any proceeding under the Act belongs to the Medical Officer of any District Board or Vestry, or, "in the Metropolis," to a special Medical Officer appointed under the Act for the very purpose of carrying it into effect. We presume that, in the case of the condemned houses which go on paying sixty per cent., the Medical Officer has made his representations to the local authority. He has said that the houses or courts in question are unfit for human habitation. The local authority is to consider the report; and one can imagine that the report will be considered in a sufficiently deliberate manner. The next step is to prepare "an improvement scheme, with plans and 'estimates.' All this cannot be done in a day. Then proper notices are given; then the local authority petitions the confirming authority for a confirmatory order; and

then—why then we begin at the beginning once more, and the confirming authority pursues a local inquiry. If the inquiry be satisfactory, a provisional order is made, authorizing the scheme to be carried into execution. But persons interested in opposing the scheme may petition the House to have the scheme referred to a Committee. *Tantæ molis est.* The two justices of the peace or the twelve ratepayers who become aware that a court is a sink of abominations, and who stir up the Medical Officer to stir up the local authority to petition the confirming authority to face a counter petition and a reference to a Committee of the House—these justices of the peace or these twelve ratepayers must be men of energetic and enduring character. As the law stands, they must make up their minds to suffer much and to stand to their guns. Meanwhile, for year after year, they see the condemned slum growing more foul, more crowded, a more fatal centre of moral and physical poison, and a better investment for its spirited proprietor. Obviously a more rapid process of improvement is needed. Power to close these lucrative tenements is required, though the operation must in every case be a slow one. First, new homes have to be found for the evicted people, and next there is the great difficulty of providing new homes for which the evicted people can afford to pay. In the meantime, only the dogged tenacity of just anger can make head against the extortions of owners of the slums, while both political parties, for once, try to agree to pass a more stringent and rapid measure of demolition and improvement. And here, of course, an old difficulty meets us again. If the Conservatives attempt to improve their Act, they will be accused of neglecting the burning need of the hour, more representation, and of “dallying with amateur Socialism.” What does the Leeds Parliamentary Reform Conference care for these things? They are of no benefit to the party. So hard, so terribly hard it is to carry measures for the salvation, properly speaking, of the State.

We return to a brief examination of the present state of the London poor. “Every room in these rotten tenements contains a family, often two.” In one cellar, a father, mother, three children, and four pigs have herded together in filth which would have disgusted a cave man. And this family, with their four pigs, must have been comparatively capitalists. Probably they could have afforded to live in a more human way if they ever had enjoyed the view of what a human way of living is. The enormous families of these people on the verge of pauperism constitute in themselves a difficulty in the matter of lodging them. The children are turned into the street till long after midnight, because the room in which their mother lives is a brothel, and the wretched little creatures themselves are ruined before they know good from evil. These miserable *cagots*, these moral lepers, are then forced into the society of decent people's children at school, and thus one highly profitable court may corrupt a large district and spread everywhere the knowledge of scarcely imaginable crimes. This is the natural result of popular and compulsory education, combined with an extreme and almost fetishistic respect for the rights of sixty per cent. in house property. As to the physical and sanitary conditions, they excel in filth all that is reported from Damietta or the lanes of Cairo. In one room are stale rabbit and dog skins being prepared for the furrier. In another, paste is being made of rotten fish-bones. In a third are piled yesterday's fish and vegetables, with heaps of ill-flavoured match-boxes, still in the damp state. In match-box-making the manufacturer provides his own fire for drying the boxes, paste, and string, and is paid twopence-farthing for one hundred and forty-four boxes. To gain ten shillings a week he must turn out seven thousand, seven hundred, and seventy-six boxes a week, “which is impossible.” Now obviously people who live, or as they say “linger,” on such industries, and who have families of eight before they are thirty, cannot afford to pay much for house-rent. They are thus the natural spoil of the owner of Coger's Rents. In one case, in the Borough, there are thirty-six families, in thirty-six rooms, let furnished at four shillings a week. Obviously the slums of London are at present mere nests of crime, and are capable of becoming centres of cholera. Some persons have even been heard to wish for a visit from cholera (which this summer has been near enough) that the public might be stirred to action. Even without actual pestilence the position is to the last degree shameful and dangerous. It is the duty of every one who realizes the facts never to cease agitating (as without agitation nothing can be done)

till the condemned houses are swept away, and till the uncondemned houses are condemned. Even then the task of reforming London poverty is only beginning. The poor themselves, it appears, object highly to State-aided emigration. They prefer to linger at the Docks, or among the decaying rabbits and the match-boxes, in the hope that something vaguely magnificent will be done for them at home. Who can wonder that they have not the heart or pluck to emigrate as the middle-classes do when they find England too small for them? Heart and pluck they can never acquire while their homes are poisonous, and while their education involves precocious acquaintance with recondite immorality. In the meantime, and before the question becomes a party question, private enterprise is doing what it can with too large a problem. And this private enterprise, whatever form it takes, whether that of a “Society for the Protection of Lodgers” or not, deserves support and approval. Lodgers may possibly be enabled to “strike” against the heartless speculators who live on them, and Coger's Rents may be left to him desolate.

FRANCE.

FOR the moment the colonial enterprises of France would appear to be in a condition of stagnation. French agents on the Congo have temporarily disappeared from sight. In Madagascar and in Tonquin they are waiting for reinforcements, or are preparing for a fresh advance. They may profitably use this interval of quiet to reflect on the real character of the adventures on which they have been persuaded to embark. Up to the present no serious disaster has befallen them. It may even be conceded that on the whole they have gained ground, but every day makes it more obvious that as yet only the least part of the work has been done. The costly nature of their colonial undertakings becomes more and more certain, and so does the problematical character of the reward to be obtained. Meanwhile neutrals are being still further supplied with evidence of the spirit in which the French are carrying out their plans. The Ministry is said to have practically acknowledged the justice of Mr. SHAW's complaints against Admiral PIERRE, and to have offered to pay him an indemnity. If the newspapers which report this decision are to be trusted, however, M. FERRY has resolved to follow the precedent set by his own Cabinet in the recent dispute with Spain and make the least apology possible. Mr. SHAW is to be indemnified for the length of his imprisonment, but not for his first arrest. Nothing is to be said—or at least the French Cabinet does not dare to say anything publicly—about the insult to Consul PAKENHAM and Captain JOHNSTONE. If a settlement of this kind is agreed to, and for obvious reasons there may be no effectual opposition on the part of the English Government, then French naval officers will practically be told that they may be insolent, but must not be rashly insolent. They may indulge their natural tendency to assert the dignity of France by impertinence towards foreign officers, but they must not go quite so far as Admiral PIERRE. The line must be drawn at missionaries who belong to important religious bodies, for the voice of such persons is weighty at elections, and they will be more or less warmly defended by Parliamentary Governments. Neither are we without means of knowing how the blessings of civilization are being carried into Annam and Tonquin. The threats of M. TRICOU were not uttered in vain. Prisoners have been shot in cold blood throughout the French operations. If any confidence can be placed in the *Figaro*, which has frequently been guilty of drawing on its imagination for its facts, the operations at Hué were followed by a hideous massacre. The men of the French squadron not only shot down the Annamite soldiers as they fled, which is undoubtedly according to the customs of war, but they killed the wounded who lay helpless on the ground. The witness who reports these atrocities declares that the French sailors refused to obey their officers, who tried to control them. Stories of this kind are current about the Indian Mutiny. Many things were done during the suppression of that revolt which our officers dared not try to prevent; but it will scarcely be maintained that the army which stormed Delhi and the force which reduced Hué without the loss of a single man had received equal provocation. The whole story may be the forgery of a Parisian journalist who wishes to discredit the existing Government at any price; but it is characteristic that he

should have thought such a story plausible. But it is by no means likely that it is a lie. It agrees far too well with what is known to have happened in Tunis. Wars with enemies whom they feel confident of beating always bring out the natural brutality of the French.

Meanwhile, the advocates of a strenuous colonial policy may well begin to fear that, in one respect at least, they have been far too successful. They have succeeded in rousing the national spirit to a dangerous degree. At no period of its existence has France suffered more severely than at present from its chronic disease. It has fallen into a most acute fit of aggressive national vanity. If this fever could have been kept under proper control, the access would have given unmixed satisfaction to many who are now beginning to feel seriously frightened. They were perfectly ready to intrigue in Egypt, to bully in Madagascar, and massacre in Tonquin. They found an intense pleasure in sharpening their pens at the expense of England. For months the first papers in Paris, and the provinces too, poured forth insult and provocation to their hearts' delight. But gradually they began to be conscious that their example was being followed and their ideas were being assimilated with more zeal than judgment. M. JOHN LEMOINNE, and journalists of his standing, wished to act on the principles attributed to an earlier satirist, who was terribly severe when he had to deal with a lady, but very civil to a dragoon. They defied England, which they knew to be peaceful, with the courage and eloquence of POGRAM; but they were coldly courteous to Germany. Unfortunately for the success of this pretty arrangement, a more honest press has begun to appear in Paris, which applies the principles of Messrs. LEMOINNE, CHARMES, and Co. by a method of its own. Seeing that the day has again come round when France may swagger and lay its hand upon its sword, these new organs of public opinion have, in the innocence of their hearts, begun to threaten the real enemy. *L'Anti-Prussien*, and other journals of the same kind, not only preach a war of revenge on Germany, but they make attacks on individual German residents in France in language which can scarcely be more vulgar than M. LEMOINNE's attack on Mr. SHAW. It was never meant that this sort of thing should happen, and the more educated kind of patriotic writers are beginning to speak of their humble *confrères* as gutter journalists. We are perfectly ready to accept PEACHUM as a good authority for the moral character of LOCKIT, but it does not follow that his own character is clear. The more judicious journalists, who only insulted where it was safe, have no right to affect contempt of their less educated imitators who insult the people whom they hate. They have chosen to act as *agents provocateurs*, and they cannot shake off responsibility for the consequence of the example they have set.

There is fortunately some prospect that France is not condemned to stagnate between vacillating colonial enterprises and aimless provocation. The recent speeches of M. FERRY need not be accepted as proofs that he either will or can carry out the policy he vaguely indicates in them. He would not be the first Radical who has wished to stop, and has found it impossible. Of recent years, too, French statesmen of moderate leanings have been so uniformly weak that it is hard to feel any considerable confidence that they will prove firmer now. M. FERRY, however, has shown himself a man of some character; and when he announces his intention of giving battle to the Radicals, it is at least possible that he will try. It is almost certain that, if he does not, nobody else can. The so-called Conservative statesmen of France belong to parties which cannot possibly obtain power unless after another revolution. Among the Republican leaders there is only one who holds anything like the position of M. FERRY, and that is M. CLÉMENTEAU, who is an advanced Radical. No Conservative party can now be formed in France with the slightest chance of success except under the leadership of an undoubted Republican. M. FERRY has been a Republican from the beginning, and there can be no doubt of his loyalty to that form of government. He will probably be accused of having gone too far in his attack on institutions which are supposed to be dear to all Frenchmen to be entitled to the confidence of Conservatives now. There is, however, no reason to suppose that any section of the French people which was already Republican has been offended by the attacks on the Church or the *épuration* of the magistracy. The great mass of Frenchmen are very indifferent to the sorrows of bishops and religious orders. An administrative measure like the

épuration touches a very small class. But the peasants and the smaller *bourgeoisie* care a very great deal about the security of property. They are very sensitive to the state of Rentes. It is this great class of small proprietors which in the last resort decides all important questions in French politics. It is too lazy and indifferent to stop the mischievous activity of the Radicals at its beginning; but, when once it is frightened, it has no pity for its enemy. Hitherto this great majority has controlled the noisy agitators and the Socialists of the great towns by means of *coups d'état*. If the Republic is to exist, some way must be found of bringing it to bear peacefully. To judge from the tone of M. FERRY's speeches, he intends to try and secure its support for the Conservative Republican party which he proposes to form. In the best interests of France it is to be hoped that he may succeed.

CORRUPT PRACTICES.

WITH the present week England, according to the amiable enthusiasts whose fancies were amusing until they became disastrous, has entered on an entirely new period of electoral purity. The great order of ages to which the possibly puzzled electors of Taunton have, through their senior representative, introduced the country is to be a golden one in everything but the expenditure of gold. The poor, but deserving, politician who is now kept out of Parliament will present himself in crowds—in such crowds, indeed, that it is to be feared there may be a little heartburning as to the selection from so many of the best possible representatives. There will be no more brutalizing beer, no more degrading drives to the voting booth. All electors will “assert their manhood by walking to the poll”—a marvellous phrase, which, incredible as it may seem, has already got itself registered in the *liber impossibilis* of Radical claptrap. Nor are these anticipations mere reminiscences of the debates of last Session. They have been gravely repeated within the last few days and hours by presumably sane persons on platforms and in the press in language hardly less absurd than, and sometimes textually identical with, that just lent them here. If any bewildered disciple of Mr. GLADSTONE is unable to combine the facts vouchsafed to him on one and the same authority that the present Parliament is one of the best ever known, and that the last general election was one of the most corrupt ever known (the second, at least, of which positions it is not necessary to attack), it is not here that he must come for a reconciliation of his difficulties. Those who have never attempted to conceal the real tendency of the measure are, at least, dispensed from the necessity of taking the trouble to show why it should have been introduced when, according to the showing of its partisans, it had just proved most conspicuously needless. For you cannot have better bread than is made of wheat; at least, it is generally held unwise to try for it; and if the present Parliament is as excellent as is pretended, it is surely rash to attempt to better the methods of its election.

It is indeed pretty certain that, even if the measure worked exactly on the line which its admirers have chalked out for it, its effect would be very far from that which they professedly anticipate. It would be impossible to bring the nominal expenses of election, and not very easy to bring the real expenses, apart from direct corruption, much lower than they have been brought both in France and in America, while in France there has been for nearly a century a distinct and not dishonourable preference for the kind of candidate for whom reformers pant—the educated unmoneyed “thoughtful” politician. Astonishing as is the power of self-deception which Radicals possess, thick as is the drop serene which appears to quench their power of vision, there can be few among them qualified to speak on the subject who will maintain that the average Deputy, much less the average Congressman, is the superior, or even the equal, of the average member of the House of Commons. In America, at any rate, the kind of candidate whom Radicals hope to multiply is almost non-existent; and it may be very confidently doubted whether Professor FAWCETT or Mr. JOHN MORLEY would have the ghost of a chance of keeping, or even of gaining, a seat there. Nor is it difficult to see that the motives which at present work with the party managers of large constituencies to induce them to offer cheap election to such men are accidental, factitious, and transitory. At present Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. MORLEY are good advertisements for Radicals. “See the results

"of our model system," they are able to say. "See how we Radicals and Caucussers care only for brains and devotion." But this kind of advertisement is necessary and usual only in the pushing stage of a commercial or political concern. The object once achieved, the chances of election possessed till lately by men of station, influence, and position done away with, persons of the type of Messrs. COLLINGS and FIRTH (not to say worse persons than they, for foolishness and bumptiousness only, not moral delinquency, is chargeable on this type) are pretty certain to be preferred to men who, with all their curious fancy for political bad company, have, and as men of cultivation and honour must have, conscience and fastidiousness enough to refuse the position of mere passive instruments in political dirty work.

For the present, however, the most interesting point is what the direct and immediate effect of the Act in securing the accomplishment of its avowed objects is likely to be. Manuals expounding and summarizing it have as usual been put forth by numerous lawyers, including some well-known politicians, such as Mr. GORST and Sir WILLIAM WHEELHOUSE. But it is usually and properly the custom for the compilers of such manuals to abstain from entering upon matters of opinion and political discussion—a custom which is perhaps hardly infringed by Sir W. WHEELHOUSE's candid avowal that he fears the intention of the Act will, though he hopes it will not, be defeated by the severity of its own provisions. The full exposition of this danger which was made here when the measure was under discussion in Parliament makes it unnecessary to point out at length what these provisions are. It is sufficient to say generally that, while the corrupt elector goes scot-free, the candidate and his agents who comply with the elector's demands are confronted at every turn by penalties and disqualifications which follow on the breach of the most complicated and minute set of arrangements ever devised by a representative assembly for the election of its members. To begin with, it is of course possible that the course of historical experience will be reversed, and that it will be found possible to make a crime by law. It has never been possible hitherto, in the sense of attaching to an intrinsically innocent act those penalties of public disapproval and dislike which can alone secure that the law and its penalties shall be permanent, or at least that they shall be maintained in full operation. But this may be let pass. Two practical difficulties of a much less general kind meet the careful examiner. The elaborate schedules of expenses, the Talmudic Code of *licita* and *prohibita*, of ceremonies to be performed and actions to be abstained from or atoned, which this Act contains, apply of course for the most part only to the candidate or his agents, and as yet no limitation has been placed on the discretion allowed to the judges. It at once suggests itself that by a very slight refinement on the old Man in the Moon system, corrupt practices might be carried on merrily, and free if not exactly corrupt expenditure lavishly indulged in, without much danger of voiding the election, and with no danger whatever of bringing the terrors of the Act on the candidate or his agent. The simplicity of getting a partner in business to sign a cheque and having it cashed in sovereigns by a vigorous local fellow-worker must of course be abandoned, and, generally speaking, corruption will become more corrupt, more of a fine art than before. But, unless a great increase of the electorate substitutes indirect for direct bribery, the latter, properly managed, should be but little interfered with by the Act. This substitution of indirect for direct bribery, however, opens up another and rather more interesting question. It has been decided that, when a candidate definitely accepts the position of nominee of a political association, that association, its officers and its acts, stand to him in the relation of legal agents and agencies. Again, it is a recognized principle of the present measure that "there is no defined time at which an election commences." Now it becomes a very interesting question how far the expenses of Caucus organization, which are known to be in some cases very considerable indeed, must on this principle, and on the decision just referred to, be considered to rank for inclusion in the candidate's maximum. And it is a further interesting question whether, if a Caucus puts forward, as it generally does, two candidates, that putting forward will not, if they accept it, make them "joint" candidates under the Act, in which case the already skimmed maximum is reduced yet further. These and other questions can only be indicated, not discussed fully, until a sufficient corpus of instances has been got together. But the list of them is by no means

exhausted, and it is long enough to suggest that an honest election judge (at least, until *amovibilité* becomes one of the articles of the new Radical creed) will be able to make Caucussers rather uncomfortable. It was reported that when Sir HENRY JAMES first brought in his measure, some of the chief Caucussers, despite the great advantage which it seemed to promise them, were but lukewarm admirers of it, and this does no discredit to their sagacity. It is, indeed, dubious whether a measure so intricate and so contrary to common sense can be got to work at all. But if it does get to work, the present indirect bribery and intimidation of the Caucuses will have to be managed with even greater care than at present. One of the acts which brought about the disfranchisement of a certain famous West country borough was the obtaining for a voter of a situation worth two hundred a year. Remembering this, the Birmingham system of the spoils to the victors might, in the hands of an acute agent and a courageous judge, prove fruitful in curious consequences.

THE FUNERAL OF TOURGUENIEFF.

THE funeral of IVAN TOURGUENIEFF has been the most important event which has happened in Russia since the coronation of the present CZAR. The two ceremonies have this much in common, that they have served to show a reassuring contrast to the Nihilist agitation, but in every other respect they have differed as widely as possible. When the CZAR was crowned with all the traditional ceremonies, it was shown that official Russia was strong enough still to prevent a Nihilist outbreak. On this occasion there can be no doubt that the Government was supported by the great mass of the nation, which has never wavered in its loyalty to the hereditary chief of Russia. But the thousands who, in spite of strenuous attempts to keep them away, assembled to follow TOURGUENIEFF's body to the grave, did not only desire to do honour to the memory of a great man of letters. They seized the opportunity to make a protest against the theory that the Russian Monarchy must remain for ever just what a narrow official clique has made it. The Administration unwittingly did its best to add force to the protest. Readers of TOURGUENIEFF—and they are to be found among the cultivated classes of all Europe—know that when he wished to present a picture of spite, meanness, and narrow-minded egotism, he frequently embodied these vices in the person of one of those St. Petersburg nobles who form the governing class in Russia. They have acted as if they were resolved to justify his bitterest sarcasms. Not having the courage to refuse permission to bury him in St. Petersburg, they have tried to prevent the funeral by every species of ignoble trickery. They have stopped messages, spread false reports, and have lavished lies with a circumstance and lies direct. It is said that but for the courage of a parish priest TOURGUENIEFF's corpse would have been treated with gross insult at the frontier. In a score of ways pressure has been put upon unofficial Russians to compel them to stay away from the ceremony which has terrified the masters of so many legions; and even the nominal ruler of the Empire has been frightened into showing disrespect to the memory of the one man among his subjects whom all Europe spoke of with honour.

These petty attempts to rob TOURGUENIEFF's funeral of all significance have been defeated by the steady resolution and patient good sense of unofficial Russians. They have imitated the conduct of the people of Paris at the burial of M. THIERS. They have submitted quietly to every order issued by the authorities, but have persisted in carrying out their intention. Banners which were declared to be seditious were left behind. Speeches were forbidden, and no attempt was made to deliver any; but tens of thousands of Russians have quietly collected together to show that they can spontaneously honour something which has not been dignified by the approval of Ministers and Government clerks. The police have even defeated their own object. By compelling the ceremony to be simple and silent, they have helped to make it more dignified. It has been well rid of theatrical show and floods of eloquence. Among the two hundred thousand persons who are said to have collected to witness the burial of TOURGUENIEFF, there were doubtless many who had never read his works, and who knew him only by name. A large proportion of the Russians present were there simply because the ceremony afforded them an opportunity of showing their dislike of the methods used by

their Government without at the same time condoning the excesses of fanatics. But it is a hopeful sign for the future of Russia that the protest should have been made in the name of *TOURGUENIEFF*. He was no revolutionist, nor even practically a reformer. He had no cut-and-dry theory, and suggested no remedy for the miseries of life. No writer was ever freer from the weakness for making moral applications. It would be difficult to cite a passage from his works in which he directly says this is right or that is wrong. Good and evil were shown by him in their true colours, and the reader was left free to draw his own deductions. When he touched on politics his method was exactly the same. He showed the Russian official at work without either expressly condemning or approving him. He drew windy revolutionary talkers and the fanatics whose ideal is apparently the gregarious ape, and then left his reader to judge them for himself. If *TOURGUENIEFF* had ever laid aside his deliberately chosen artistic method, and given direct expression to his theories of life, they would probably not have differed essentially from *CARLYLE*'s, as they are shown in the essay on "Characteristics." Though he never moralizes, he indirectly shows that all genuine worth is unconscious, and that all strong natures are simple and practical. He hated people who think about thinking, and despised their nostrums. If the Russians are indeed inspired by *TOURGUENIEFF*, they will never hand their country over to be experimented on by theorists, or drift into sterile revolutions, like the peoples of Southern Europe. They will make the best of the existing Monarchy, and will refuse to believe that salvation can be brought them by machinery, or by anything but their own worth and hard work.

If the Russian official class has finally made up its mind that, since it is satisfied, things are very well as they are, it has every reason to be disgusted with the demonstration of last week. The thousands who silently collected on this occasion show that the Government of the Czar, as it is at present administered, has to deal with another class of enemies than the Nihilists. As long as it had to struggle with such enemies of the human race as the followers of *BAKOUNINE* it was entitled to some sympathy. Even such order as the Russian police maintain is better than squalid anarchy. But it is now plain that when the last of the rabid Nihilists has been hanged or sent to Siberia the bureaucracy will have to deal with the whole intelligence of Russia. The opposition for the future will not be conducted by men who hate all government, and who wish to destroy a form of society which has been the growth of centuries. It will come from men who know the value of order, and who dislike the actual Administration because it is corrupt, stupid, and oppressive. An opposition of that kind may be bullied in a hundred petty ways, but it is too orderly to be hanged, and too numerous to be sent to Siberia. Even Count *TOLSTOI* would shrink from exiling several millions of taxpayers. From the moment when the assassins who have postponed all reform in Russia are disposed of, the days of the present Administration are numbered. It can only recruit itself from classes which have been taught to hate its ways. By a pedantic adherence to forms and an unscrupulous use of its power, it may delay the necessary changes for a time. It may possibly put off the evil day by an alliance with fanatics who are only a little less dangerous than the Nihilists. Europe may be plunged into war to please the Pan-Slavic party for the purpose of postponing reforms. But such resources can only be very temporary. If there is any statesmanship in Russia, the inevitable changes will be made voluntarily, and before they are extorted by pressure. Unfortunately, there is no sign at present that Russia possesses any real statesman among its many administrators of more or less ability.

SALVATIONISTS AND ROUGHS.

AMONG the many scandalous scenes of which the Salvation Army has been the cause or the occasion, few can have been more scandalous than that witnessed on Monday last at Gravesend. At three o'clock on that afternoon a party of several hundred Salvationists arrived by special train at the Southend station. The police had been apprized of their coming, and all precautions had been taken for their protection. Before their arrival, however, another detachment of Salvationists, as to whose arrival no information had been given to the police, came up from Chatham

to join the main body. These had to make their way as best they could to the "barracks." They were assaulted on the journey by a large crowd of roughs; and, though they finally reached their destination, they by no means arrived with flying colours. On the contrary, their flags were captured by the enemy; they lost their hats, their drums, and all their other instruments of martial music; they were severely beaten, and blood is reported to have flowed freely. The main division of the Army was more fortunate; and from this day's experience "General" *BOOTH* may learn the important lesson, insisted on by all great strategists, not to divide his forces in the face of the enemy. The chief body of the Salvationists was not only much more numerous than the mishandled detachment, but was supported by the whole available force of police. The Army marched along five abreast to the barracks, the Superintendent of Police heading the procession, and a constable keeping pace with every fifth or sixth file. An attack in front or on the flank being thus rendered impracticable, the roughs could do little more than harass the rear of the enemy, which they are said to have done "in a brutal and cowardly style." It is fortunate that the day did not end worse than it had begun. The evening was to have been spent by the Army in a Baptist Chapel at Gravesend, which the pastor, against the will of his deacons and congregation, had agreed to lend to them. The magistrates, to whom the case was referred, refused the application for police protection at the chapel, the Superintendent at the same time declaring that the force at his command was wholly insufficient "for such extraneous duties." He further asserted that the scenes in the streets of Gravesend the day before the arrival of the Salvationists were "a disgrace to any town in England." The evening meeting in the chapel was given up by mutual consent, and the scandal of a riot and, perhaps, of bloodshed in a religious building was thus averted.

The attacks, however, are by no means always made by the roughs only. On Wednesday, at the Gravesend Police-court, "Major" *FRANK SMITH*, of the Salvation Army, was summoned for assaulting and kicking a lad of fourteen years of age. The assault was committed last Sunday, and it was also given in evidence that the defendant was seen on the same occasion to punch a man in the face. A constable who gave evidence said that he saw the "Major" give so hard a kick that he thought the boy's leg must be broken. The assault being proved, the "Major" was fined five shillings and costs, which, amid cries of "Hallelujah" from sympathizing friends in court, he refused to pay, adding that whoever paid it for him was "no friend of his or of God's." It is difficult to imagine a more offensive mixture of arrogance and profanity than that displayed in this speech. The money was, nevertheless, paid by a local tradesman, and the defendant escaped the imprisonment which he deserved as much as he apparently desired it. An even worse case was reported a few days ago. A captain and drummer in the Army were convicted at Honiton of cruelly ill-treating a pony. The pony, which was old and emaciated, was beaten so unmercifully with a large thorn stick that the blood trickled down both its sides. The drummer must have been a very promising youth, for he was also, on the same day, convicted of maltreating a donkey. We are not told why he was fined only half the amount for the latter offence that he had to pay for the former. Probably the case was not so bad a one; otherwise one would be forced to the conclusion that the punishment for cruelty to quadrupeds varies with the size of the animal tormented. It is fair to say that Mr. *BOOTH* has endeavoured, though not with much success, to palliate the acts of his officers in this case.

The ruffianism which prompts the attacks to which the Salvationists are exposed will find no excuse. That persons acting within their legal rights should be pelted, hoisted, beaten, and robbed by a brutal and drunken mob is a disgrace to a civilized country. But there are circumstances which, though they do not extenuate, serve partly to explain the special hostility which the still savage residuum of the English populace bears to such demonstrations as those in which the Salvationists delight. The Salvationist, as a matter of course, puts down the beatings and peltings which he undergoes to the hatred with which the saint naturally inspires the sinner. Unfortunately for this argument, the rough is quite indiscriminating in his choice of those whom he attacks. The same sort of men as those who assailed the Salvationists at Gravesend on Monday are in the habit of insulting, knocking down, and kicking harmless people whenever they themselves are sufficiently numerous and exhilarated with alcohol and the passer-by is

sufficiently defenceless. The rough who makes some thoroughfares in London impassable at certain hours is not determined in his choice of a victim by anything else than the convenient opportunity. Sometimes an inoffensive person walking along the Thames Embankment after dark is the one to be kicked and beaten; at other times it is a solitary policeman in the discharge of his duty; or, in default of these, the wife at home can take their place with even less risk to the assailant. In the *Times* of Thursday a case is reported of a man being knocked down and beaten by two roughs in Drury Lane, and of another unoffending person being felled by means of a crowbar in Shoreditch. On Saturday last a man was attacked in Westminster Bridge Road by a male and female rough (for the latter class of persons unfortunately exists), to whom he had given no provocation whatever. He was knocked down, kicked violently by both assailants, and his leg was broken. We read that a number of witnesses testified to the assault; but not one of them, it is shameful to relate, made any attempt at interference.

If the Salvationist is more exposed than other people to the attacks of the rough, the reasons for the fact are sufficiently obvious. In the first place, it should be considered that the Salvation Army itself is largely drawn from the class of roughs. In fact, Mr. BOOTH would probably think that no higher compliment could be paid to his work than to say that it has transformed numbers of roughs into Salvationists. Now the special feeling of hostility between a rough and what we may term an ex-rough is natural enough, particularly when the ex-rough not only trumpets forth the superiority of his new self to his old self, and consequently to his old companions, but blatantly asserts his superiority to everybody else as well. Those who have most to do with the classes from which the Salvationists are largely drawn are aware that an assumption of superiority over them, made even by persons of the educated classes, is always, even if silently, resented. But this assumption, put forward in gross and noisy language by men who were perhaps a few weeks before their boon companions, is not likely to make them treat the Salvationists with any more tenderness than they show to other people. Then it is perfectly plain that the Salvationists invite assault. They wish to be made martyrs of. To go through disorderly neighbourhoods, as they habitually do, themselves setting the example of noise and disturbance, seems calculated to cause a breach of the peace. Instead of avoiding occasions of offence, as most Christians hold it their duty to do, they seek them and create them. They practically preach that, to be religious, a man must be or become a rowdy. Here lies one main difference between this and many other popular religious movements. Rough people joined them, and could not shake off all their roughness; but here noise and disturbance are designedly made a guiding principle of the movement. However, we are at present concerned with the secular aspect of the Army. So general an incitement to public disturbances has it become that the Town Council of Birkenhead have been compelled to frame bylaws with a view to keep order in the streets when the processions go by, and the Town Council of Luton feel themselves not a little aggrieved because the HOME SECRETARY declines to give them leave to do likewise. The hostility which the Army has excited in Switzerland is probably due, not to the fact that it is a religious body (of which there are plenty in that country living in peace), but to the fact that, apart from the scanty liking which an educated nation can have for such an organization, it is likely to be a cause of public disturbance. And such causes Switzerland declines to have imported into it from foreign countries. When the country in which it arose has to alter its municipal legislation in order that the Army may not be a cause of riot in the streets, it is not unnatural that foreign countries should view its approach with small favour.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish party which is known as the Dynastic Left has probably accomplished its main object by forcing itself into office. When several months ago Marshal SERRANO suddenly resumed his former political activity, his connexion with the Democratic leaders caused, at least in foreign countries, a certain surprise. Though he had formed some Administrations, and overthrown more than one Government, it had not been understood that he held

strong political opinions. During the Session of the Cortes the combination seemed to be destined to disappointment. Señor SAGASTA was still supported by a Parliamentary majority, and the most respectable members of the Liberal party objected, with good reason, to the revival of the Constitution of 1867. The then existing Ministry had apparently escaped immediate danger, when the military revolts at Badajoz and Seo de Urgel took the country by surprise. The mutiny, indeed, was easily and rapidly suppressed, but the discovery that the era of military revolutions was not finally closed excited general and well-founded uneasiness. A portion of the blame, rightly or wrongly, attached to Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS, who had previously become unpopular as Minister of War. As he was one of the three or four Conservative members of the Cabinet who represented the coalition between Señor SAGASTA and the followers of Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, his proposed resignation was thought likely to cause a thorough change in the Ministry. The crisis was only postponed on account of the King's absence from Spain, and it occurred immediately on his return. The untoward events at Paris had, apparently, nothing to do with the resignation of Señor SAGASTA and his colleagues. Notwithstanding the sudden departure of the Spanish Ambassador from Paris, both the outgoing and the incoming Ministers have wisely resolved to discontinue a barren and troublesome controversy.

It was generally expected that, after disembarassing himself of his Conservative colleagues, Señor SAGASTA would form a purely Liberal Government; but, on the proposal by the KING of such an arrangement, he positively refused the commission. At the same time he advised the KING to apply to Señor POSADA HERRERA, presiding officer of the Congress, and a respectable member of the Liberal party. Señor SAGASTA undertook to give his personal support to a Liberal Ministry; but he is supposed to have reserved his discretion in dealing with any political measures which might be proposed. The KING has been disappointed if he hoped to unite all sections of the Liberal party. The Ministry which has been formed by Señor POSADA HERRERA practically represents the Dynastic Left, or the late Opposition; and it must either depend on the patronage of Señor SAGASTA or take the consequences of a rupture. The KING has, in accordance with the most orthodox constitutional doctrine, conceded to his new Minister the right of dissolving the Cortes; but the contemplation of such a measure shows distrust of the actual majority and of its leader. In the event of a dissolution, the Ministry might perhaps follow the example of nearly all their predecessors by exercising effective control over the elections; but a packed Cortes might be dissolved in turn by a future Minister. A possible coalition between Señor SAGASTA and Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO would almost certainly overthrow the Ministry. The most important members of the new Cabinet are the Minister of the Interior, Señor MORET, who is only second to SAGASTA in Parliamentary ability, Señor RUIZ GOMEZ, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ, Minister of War. The FOREIGN MINISTER is a Free-trader, and both he and Señor MORET wish to conclude a treaty of commerce with England. General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ, a nephew of Marshal SERRANO, is said to be a capable administrator and a vigorous disciplinarian. His office is at the present moment the most important in the Cabinet, as it is understood that important changes are necessary in the organization of the army. The unsatisfactory condition which was indicated by the late mutinies is generally attributed to the incompetence of the late Minister of War. The department of Finance is entrusted to Señor GOLAstra, who is neither an eminent politician nor a skilled financier. Señor POSADA HERRERA had tried in vain to secure the aid of Señor CAMACHO, who enjoys a high and merited reputation for financial knowledge and ability. His refusal to join the Ministry is one of several circumstances which render the permanence of the new arrangement doubtful.

A treaty of commerce with England would be acceptable to intelligent Spaniards in general, and for special reasons to wine-growers; but, as long as Mr. GLADSTONE controls English commercial legislation, the alcoholic test which discourages to some extent the consumption of Spanish wine will almost certainly be maintained. All parties in Spain are equally resolute in their determination to extort concessions by imposing special burdens on English imports. The expiration of the French Commercial Treaty may, perhaps, at some future time facilitate a compromise with Spanish producers. In other matters Señor GOMEZ may, perhaps, be more conciliatory than his pre-

decessor. Although England and Spain have no conflicting interests, petty squabbles are not unfrequently caused by the proceedings of smugglers or police-officers in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar. The Marquess of LA VEGA DE ARMIJO displayed little suavity in his communications on the subject of the Cuban refugees who were by the fault of some local authorities handed over to the custody of the Spanish police in the neutral ground. There is happily no reason to apprehend serious quarrels with any Spanish Ministry. It may be taken for granted that Señor POSADA HERRERA and his colleague at the Foreign Office will cultivate friendly relations with other Continental Powers. During the continuance of the late misunderstanding with France it became evident that a separate alliance with Germany would not be generally popular.

The difficulties which await the new Cabinet are likely to have little connexion with foreign policy. It would be well if domestic controversies could be as easily avoided. The Ministry is, perhaps without any fault on the part of its chief, formed almost entirely of advanced politicians. The conditions on which Marshal SERRANO and his friends principally insisted were that universal suffrage should be introduced, and that the next Cortes should be invested with constituent powers. It is evidently impossible that the Conservatives should assent to measures so revolutionary; and it is believed that Señor SAGASTA has thus far refused to concur in the Ministerial policy. The KING may perhaps be well advised in accepting the conditions imposed by the only Administration which can be formed for the moment. It is also possible that he has failed to appreciate the danger of giving absolute power to an irresponsible democracy. It is less intelligible that he should authorize the convocation of a constituent body which might perhaps dispense with monarchy. A new Constitution is the last of all the imaginable needs of Spain. Since 1812, when the rulers of Spain were more anxious to establish democratic institutions than to expel the foreign invader, a dozen or a score of more or less plausible Constitutions have been invented. Successive civil and military adventurers may almost be excused for their habitual disregard of legal provisions which might often be attributed to ignorance or caprice. One of the more recent Constitutions, which provided, on its own behalf, that it should never be suspended, was summarily set aside within a few months of its enactment. The Spaniards, notwithstanding their varied experience since the beginning of the present century, have never understood the absurdity of multiplying Constitutions. It is strange that Marshal SERRANO, who has passed a long life in the management of revolutions, should think it possible to frame some new document which will render future changes impossible.

It is hardly necessary to anticipate the work of a constituent assembly by establishing universal suffrage. The immediate effect may possibly be to confirm the Dynastic Left in the possession of office; but a promiscuous franchise can scarcely fail to strengthen the professed enemies of the Monarchy. The Republicans have, since their brief possession of power, with creditable prudence almost effaced themselves; but they are undoubtedly waiting for an opportunity, and some among them have intimate relations with the party which is now in office. The Dynastic Left implies by its name rather a tolerant recognition of the Crown than a devoted attachment to the cause of royalty. Circumstances might occur in which some of its leaders would profess to find the kingly power inconsistent with their democratic principles. Universal suffrage may be temporarily compatible with monarchy, when, as in the German Empire, the elected Legislature is not sovereign; and it was a part of the machinery by which for twenty years NAPOLEON III. maintained an absolute despotism. If it became in Spain, as in Republican France, practically as well as nominally supreme, it is not improbable that the KING, who himself reigns in virtue of a newfangled Constitution, might soon be abolished as a superfluity. On the whole, the chances seem to be against the continuance of the ultra-Liberal Government. All serious politicians who are not closely associated with the dominant party are likely to be alarmed by the prospect of universal suffrage and by the threat of a new Constitution. Señor SAGASTA's judgment in refusing to associate himself with the Dynastic Left has already been justified by the announcement of a mischievous and dangerous policy. When the next Ministerial combination is formed, he may perhaps be in a position to dictate terms to any colleagues whom he might select from the present Cabinet. If, on the other hand, the

Government retains office, it will be compelled to seek alliances among the Republicans or the followers of ZORRILLA. Universal suffrage will confer political importance on the Socialists of Andalusia, and it will probably encourage the aspirations of mutinous subalterns and non-commissioned officers in search of promotion.

WARDEN'S STRANGE STORY.

IT is not often that the dry history of commerce contains so romantic a tale as that unfolded on Tuesday last at the Guildhall. The details are purely financial. There are no complications so far. No contact with the outer world, no background of any other kind, has been shown to exist; yet WARDEN's confession contains a single circumstance, is wound up, so to speak, to a single point, which gives it a purely dramatic interest apart from any of the moral and legal and business questions involved. Owing to one feature in the case, it is possible to speak of it, although it is still undergoing trial in the courts of law. The principal criminal has confessed, and virtually pleaded guilty. Although he has only been committed for trial, and although the alleged partner in his admitted guilt has still a legal chance of proving his innocence, we may comment on the story, so far as it is yet known, without any breach of the rule which presumes a man innocent till he is proved guilty. This is the position of WATTERS. That of WARDEN is different; for he has expressed his regret for his part in a fraud, and has given evidence against the man whom he declares to have been his accomplice.

Briefly told, the story is as follows:—About two years ago GEORGE WARDEN, the secretary and manager of the River Plate Bank, enjoying a salary and other allowances amounting in the aggregate to as much as 1,500*l.* a year, took it into his head to speculate on the Stock Exchange. He was, apparently, an unmarried man, living with his sisters and an invalid brother, in a house belonging to them in the Northern suburbs. He paid for his board, and had, it might be thought, with his good income, a margin out of which, year by year, something substantial might have been laid by. It is probable that when he began to speculate a small sum had thus accumulated in his hands. Six months later this was gone, and he had further lost as much as 4,000*l.* According to his own version of the story, he applied to WATTERS for a loan to pay this debt. WATTERS naturally wished for security, and WARDEN, tempted beyond what he could bear, abstracted, by what means is not yet explained, certain securities which had been deposited in the strong-room of his bank for safe keeping. But though, as we must believe, he intended to replace them, he could never do so. WATTERS, he says, also speculated, and, having lost heavily on one occasion, induced WARDEN to let him have some more of the deposited securities. Finally, he asserts, the two went into a kind of tacit partnership, WATTERS performing the part of broker—though he had never been admitted to the Stock Exchange—and WARDEN supplying the money in the shape of securities which might be pawned. At the fortnightly settlements, though now and then things remained as they were, and now and then there was a balance in favour of the confederates, affairs went from bad to worse. More and more money was lost. Transactions became larger and larger, the possibilities of success smaller and smaller. Securities were still forthcoming for further advances, and at one time WATTERS seems to have acquired the reputation of having a considerable command of money, which no doubt he had, if WARDEN's story be true. Things came to a head in September last. The audit day of the River Plate Bank approached. The misappropriated securities, chiefly Egyptian bonds, so far as the public has been informed, must be produced for the satisfaction of the auditors. If WATTERS, or WARDEN himself, had chanced to have any considerable sum in hand, this would not have been difficult. It would have been only necessary to release the bonds, and bring them in for audit, even if they were pawned again directly. But WARDEN had only a small sum to his credit, if any, and WATTERS only 75*l.* In this dilemma WARDEN attributes to WATTERS a brilliant idea. The distance between the chief offices, where the securities were held, and the bank is not more than four minutes' walk. What could be easier, therefore, than to bring in a certain number of bonds when the audit—a very slow process—was begun, and replace them, bringing in a second and, perhaps, a third lot, till the

audit was completed. The first difficulty was, of course, to redeem one set sufficiently large to bring before the auditors. But, if we may believe WARDEN, his friend's financial ability was equal to the occasion. He arranged to buy this first parcel of securities by the means of crossed cheques, which could not be formally dishonoured for fully twenty-four hours, long before which time the bonds might be replaced and the cheques returned. With this dazzling scheme in his mind, the Secretary of the River Plate Bank, on the 20th September last, wrote the usual formal notice to the Auditors, asking them to attend on Monday, 1st October instant, at the bank for the purpose of verifying the bills and securities held by the Company. On the 29th, being the Saturday before, WARDEN says he saw WATERS for the last time before the dreaded day. He was naturally anxious. The least hitch in the arrangements meant discovery. "He gave," says the unhappy WARDEN, "assurance that 'everything would be in order on the Monday morning.'"

Early on Monday, as he says, he saw WATERS again. Then, for the first time, an element of uncertainty was mentioned. We can easily imagine what a Sunday both men must have passed; but WARDEN professes to have been buoyed up with WATERS's confidence. We only want a little personal description, a little local scenery, a little leading up, to make the situation dramatically or romantically a thrilling one. The element of uncertainty was very briefly alluded to by WATERS; but it seems, to judge by his alleged partner's statement, to have affected both men as too terrible to be true. "He said he was almost sure of getting everything, but one broker he was not quite sure of. He said, 'If there is any hitch, I will give myself up.'" WARDEN made no reply, but heavy in heart went back to the bank to face the audit. At twelve it began, and all went well till after one. WATERS brought in the securities in the order arranged in a carefully drawn-up list. First 30,000*l.* worth of Egyptian bonds were shown, and ticked off. Then 25,000*l.* were returned to WATERS, who went for the next parcel. One lot only remained to be shown. So far, the plan had been perfectly successful. This last batch of securities were in the hands of a Mr. M'MICKING, in Austin Friars, little more than a stone's throw from the bank. WATERS went for them. The Auditors meanwhile sat, and waited. WARDEN was supposed to be in the strong-room or "treasury"; in reality, he was watching the door with an anxiety that may be imagined. But WATERS did not return, and two o'clock approached. Mr. M'MICKING's managing clerk, whose name is ROBERT, would not give up the securities held by his house without a banker's cheque. He seems to have suspected WATERS's crossed cheques. When it is remembered that even a few minutes' delay would be enough, it will be seen that Mr. ROBERT's hesitation was enough to settle WARDEN's business with the Auditors. While they still waited he went out. WATERS's office was close by. Thither he repaired. WATERS, he reports, had not lost hope. He had got something, not all. But WARDEN knew it was too late; and, taking 200*l.* from his partner, he fled. Such is the story, so far as it is before the public. WATERS did not "give himself up"; and, though he is in custody, he may still be acquitted. Even assuming, for argument's sake, his guilt, it will be extremely difficult to prove, on the unsupported testimony of WARDEN, who, when he heard in his retreat at Havre of the course events had taken, and of the open bankruptcy of WATERS, came home, gave himself up, was examined at the Guildhall, committed for trial, and then placed in the witness-box to give evidence against his alleged associate; and here the matter will probably rest for the present. It will be time enough when we know more to ask how WARDEN had passed through previous audits, and how he opened the safe. And the appropriate moral may also be left unwritten. While the possibilities of fraud are so great, the wonder is, not that they should be occasionally seized, but that, among the vast number of trusted officers employed in commercial concerns in London, so few are false to their trust. WARDEN's strange story is but partly corroborated. True, it tells against himself as much as against his alleged confederate. He has not told all. Many links in the chain of his evidence are so far wanting. But as a single case, as, so to speak, a commercial anecdote, as a revelation of possibilities, it stands alone in the annals of fraud.

CENTRAL ASIA.

THERE is no real lack of the gravity necessary to the treatment of an important subject in saying that one special fascination of Central Asian politics and news is the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the truth about both. The district is one of very great importance to England, but it is one about which, especially at the present time, England takes very little trouble. As to most other parts of the world a statement of any importance has no sooner appeared in the morning papers than confirmation or exposure is at once telegraphed for, and the one or the other usually appears in the evening papers of the same day. But the region which lies between India and the Asiatic dominions of Russia is not to be treated in this hasty fashion. The late Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as may be remembered, was apparently indebted to a casual debate in Parliament for the knowledge of the fact that there was telegraphic communication with Eastern Persia, though it has never been accurately ascertained how far this indebtedness was sincere. But Meshed is to the remoter parts of Turkestan very much as Manchester is to the remoter parts of Scotland. The consequence is, that the time-honoured fashion of Eastern news-carrying, sometimes so inexplicably rapid and precise, sometimes so wonderfully slow and so utterly untrustworthy, is in full force there. Only, perhaps, in reference to news received from the region partly Russian, partly non-Russian, which is encircled by the Caspian, Persia, India, China, and Siberia, can the modern English politician realize the feelings of his forefathers when they received by the Dover packet or the Harwich smack news which might not be confirmed for weeks, and then would probably turn out to be utterly baseless. It is but two or three years since a series of the most elaborate statements were made and repeated for a considerable time as to counter-invasions by Russian and Chinese forces of the Ferghana and Kashgar frontier. The names of the leaders were given, the numbers of the armies were stated, the cities taken and sacked were specified, and the whole thing had not the remotest foundation, or shadow of a foundation in fact, except that Russia and China were debating somewhat keenly the Kuldja question. In such a case, if there is very little certainty, there is at any rate the compensation of finding room for the exercise of political knowledge and intelligence. These qualities are hardly called forth when the most ignorant and the most stupid are put on the level of the knowingest by a Second Edition and an editorial rider to the telegram.

Report has been very busy of late with Central Asia. The most specific of the rumours were those which some time ago asserted the existence of a great Ghilzai rising in Afghanistan, and which within the last week have hinted at difficulties between Cabul and St. Petersburg—or, to speak more exactly, Cabul and Tashkend, on the subject of the re-establishment of his authority by the AMEER in the districts of Shignan and Wakhan. The first rumour never attracted much attention from well-informed persons; the second, at least, contains nothing intrinsically impossible or even improbable. The districts in question are probably to most Englishmen among the most shadowy on the globe. They lie high up, near that "high mountain cradle in 'Pamere' to which Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD refers in perhaps the best-known passage of his poems, and they have been very rarely indeed visited by Europeans, unless it be by Russian "explorers." Both are in a manner dependencies of the somewhat less shadowy district of Badakshan (the home of lapis lazuli and the "balas" ruby); and that Badakshan is included in the Afghan—that is to say, to speak without hypocrisy, the English—portion of Central Asia is scarcely to be questioned, and indeed has not been seriously questioned by Russia for some fifteen years past. Wakhan, the more easterly and southerly of the two, moreover lies, according to all maps, on the south side of the Oxus, up to which the AMEER's supremacy is theoretically granted. Part of Shignan overruns at least the southern branch of that river, and extends into the district commonly coloured in atlases as an independent region and named "Pamir." Although the Russians have extensively explored this region, they have never claimed it as their territory, nor is it even generally held to be part of the dominions of their ally or vassal, the Ameer of BOKHARA; it is, in short, a No Man's Land, intervening between the countries over which China, Russia, and England directly or indirectly exercise influence. It is extremely improbable that the AMEER has attempted to push his sovereignty, or the sem-

blance of it, into this northern part of Shignan; and of his right to make that authority respected, if he can, in the southern part and in Wakhan there can be no question.

A much more interesting class of reports, and one which has some importance owing to the persistence with which the same idea is repeated under different forms, has reference to less mysterious regions, and concerns the relations of Russia and Persia. At one time it is said that the SHAH has consented to allow the Russians to carry on their newly-gained frontier in the Attrek and Tekke districts in such a fashion as to include or pass close to Sarakhs—that is to say, to absorb the last tract which separates them from Afghanistan. Then the old idea of the cession of Herat to Persia is revived; but this time under Russian, not English influence. Lastly, we are told that the SHAH is using his good offices with the Merv Turcomans to make them finally submit to Russia. With regard to this last piece of news, or of invention, the time of its most pressing importance is past. It has been abundantly shown that with the overthrow of the Akhal Tekkes and the advance of Russia to Askabad, the value of Merv as an outwork to Afghanistan almost disappeared. Even the present English Government, anxious as it is to have nothing to do with Afghanistan, except to honour duly ABDUL RAHMAN's drafts, would hardly look on calmly at trafficking with Herat, to which it was not a party. The value of the good offices of the SHAH with the Merv Turcomans depends entirely on the mood the Merv Turcomans may be in—a mood which is certain to be decided by considerations quite different from the suggestions made at Teheran. But the real importance of these various rumours is the suggestion which is common to them all, that relations between Russia and Persia are more intimate than they have been for some time past. These relations have always been very peculiar. Russia is the one enemy that Persia has to fear. Owing to Russia, the SHAH and his predecessors have lost many of their fairest provinces, have been deprived of all practical command of the waters washing their own Caspian coast, have seen the trade routes from their country hampered and taxed to suit Russian fiscal and economic policy, and from time to time have had the expense of disastrous wars, leaving the danger of vague and unsettled claims. But Russian diplomacy is so apt at combining the two master methods of Oriental business—bullying and bribery—that with only occasional intervals Russia has enjoyed on the whole more influence at Teheran than any other foreign nation. It was part of the great scheme of Eastern policy, which the hasty retreat of Russia at Berlin and the subsequent English elections of 1880 interrupted, to put an end to this state of things by securing to the SHAH the much-coveted Herat (which was at England's disposal owing to the break-up of Afghanistan). This arrangement, taken in conjunction with others, might reasonably have been expected to secure the entire Southern belt of Asia permanently to the English interest. But the scheme having collapsed, the SHAH might very naturally think that he had nothing more to hope from England, and might therefore fall back on the treacherous but seductive assistance of his Northern neighbour. It is of course obvious that while an independent and friendly Persia is all that is necessary to England, Russia, the whole tendency of whose political being is to edge away from the North, and work down to sea-outlets on the South, can be satisfied with nothing but the ultimate subjugation or vassalage of the Persian Empire. But any particular Persian sovereign may naturally think, after the fashion of Oriental sovereigns, that the artichoke will not be plucked bare in his time, that Russia is very friendly and obliging meanwhile, and that England is not friendly or obliging at all, not to mention her bewildering vacillations of policy. These probabilities, of course, like all probabilities in politics, lie as much against as for the authenticity of the rumours, inasmuch as their very plausibility would tempt inventors to invent. But it is not very often that rumours so different in outward form, yet so identical in real meaning, get repeated for a considerable period without some grain or shadow of truth. The existence of such grain or shadow of truth would undoubtedly be most disastrous in the long run to Persia herself. But it would not be by any means favourable to England. At the time when we are doing our best to weaken our hold on India from within, it is at least not less necessary than at other times to keep watch on movements unfavourable to it from without.

“W. B.”

THE announcement which appeared a few days ago of the death, at the ripe age of eighty-six, of the Right Hon. William Beresford, better known to his contemporaries as Major Beresford, will have recalled to the recollection of men who interested themselves in politics thirty years ago a very curious chapter in the history of English parties. Major Beresford had outlived most of his political friends and associates. His name was hardly known to the great mass of members of the present House of Commons, although he sat in that assembly until the close of the Session of 1865. He was, however, the hero, or rather the subject, of a controversy in the autumn of 1852 which made him the best abused man of a day in which the bitterness of political controversy reached what we may call the highest watermark of the last half-century. The story is an interesting one, and possesses a very considerable amount of seasonableness in the week in which the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act of last Session comes into operation.

Major Beresford was a cadet of the great Irish family of that name. The writers of the various obituary notices of him which have appeared in the newspapers antedate him by a generation, for he was great-grandson of the first Earl of Tyrone, and a great-nephew of the first Marquess of Waterford. In fact, on a failure of the elder line he was heir to the earldom. He entered Parliament in 1841, somewhat later in life than scions of noble families were in those days wont to make their political *début*, for he was born in 1797. He very soon made himself a considerable reputation in the House; although, as he was no great orator, the general public knew nothing of him. When in 1846 Sir Robert Peel proposed the repeal of the Corn-laws, and divided—for the moment, we may say, destroyed—the Conservative party, Major Beresford accepted the arduous position of election manager for that remnant—we might perhaps style it “rump”—who were generally known as Protectionists. In this work, which he did extremely well, one of his chief agents and assistants was Mr. John Frail, barber, and when Shrewsbury blossomed into an important racing meeting, clerk of the course. Major Beresford showed his judgment in the selection of his agent. All candidates for Shrewsbury, on whichever side they stood, retained to the last a very keen impression of Mr. Frail's ability. At the commencement of 1852, Lord Palmerston, who had not accepted with the equanimity he in the first instance professed Lord John Russell's dismissal in the previous December, upset the Government by an amendment which that Government could, if it had cared to do so, have defeated; and Lord Derby responded, in his own chivalrous manner, to the appeal of the Queen, and formed his first Administration. Nothing can show better the opinion entertained of Major Beresford's ability and of his services to the Conservative party than the fact that he was offered the Secretaryship at War by Lord Derby. The Secretary at War was not, indeed, the important personage that the Secretary for War of the present day is, but only a sort of superior Financial Secretary. In theory he was always a subordinate of the Secretary for the Colonies, who, as the Duke of Newcastle found to his misfortune in 1854, was the responsible Minister of War. Major Beresford's superior, we may note, was Sir John Pakington. But limited as, contrasted with the powers of the present War Secretary, was the authority of the Secretary at War of those days, the office was always considered one of great importance. It was held for many years by Lord Palmerston; and among the later Secretaries at War we may mention men of such high political position as Lord Howick, the present Earl Grey, and Mr. Fox Maule, who, as Lord Panmure, succeeded the Duke of Newcastle in his short-lived responsibilities of first Secretary for War under the new arrangements which the break-down of the Crimean War precipitated. The fact, therefore, that Lord Derby offered such a position to Major Beresford shows that he was considered by his party to be a man of great ability and to be eminently trustworthy.

Lord Derby dissolved Parliament—it was, practically speaking, a condition of his acceptance of office that he should do so—in July, and Major Beresford, or, to speak of him as a member of the Government, the Right Hon. William Beresford, Secretary at War, naturally enough, although such work did not appertain to his office, took not only a lively interest in the elections, but played an active part in them. It was a time of ugly cross squalls, and the Peelites committed the almost incredible blunder, the fruits of which we are still reaping, of tampering with the party of Irish disorder. They had accidentally but rightly found themselves voting with the Irish patriots on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. But this was no excuse for using them as instruments of vengeance against the Protectionists. The cleverest election agents on the Conservative side—and the party needed some clever ones, for the Liberals of those days were served by men of singular astuteness and almost heroic impudence—knew Major Beresford and trusted him. So it happened that Major Beresford, interesting himself in the election for Derby, where a Conservative candidate, the late Mr. Horsfall, of Liverpool, who subsequently represented that city, and throughout his career enjoyed the esteem and goodwill of all who knew him, assailed what was even then considered a Liberal stronghold. In the course of the contest a very curious incident happened. A Mr. Flewker, who had done the Conservative party good service at previous elections, and who had succeeded in unseating upon petition a Radical candidate, was dissatisfied with the remuneration he

received, or, as he put it, had not got back the monies he had expended. He wrote to Mr. Beresford, but profited little by the move, and resolved to revenge himself. In the contest of 1852 he was engaged to act on the Conservative side, and to a certain extent received the confidence of the party. What he knew or, perhaps, fancied he told to the agents of the Liberal candidates, and the result was that one day the Chairman of the Liberal Committee, accompanied by some policemen in plain clothes, went to the "County Tavern" in Derby, and, being furnished with the necessary passwords, made their way to a room in which a Mr. Morgan, upon whom was found a considerable sum in gold and banknotes, was engaged in a study of the register. Mr. Morgan, upon what authority we do not know, was taken into custody, and, having been searched, a letter was found upon him which, to the Liberals who knew how to exploit it, was worth tens of thousands of pounds. The note was addressed to Mr. John Frail, of Shrewsbury, and was signed "W. B." It ran as follows:—"A good and safe man, with judgment and quickness, is wanted immediately at Derby. I suppose that you cannot leave your own place; if not, send some one whom you can trust in your place. Let him go to Derby on receiving this, and find the County Tavern in the centre of the town, and send his card to Cox Brothers and Company, lead works, as coming from Chester. That will be enough. W. B. Monday." Mr. Flewker, who had had some correspondence with Major Beresford—he had applied to the Major for aid towards the payment of the expenses of the petition we have mentioned—at once identified "W. B." as the Right Hon. William Beresford, Secretary at War. The outcry was tremendous. All the Liberal newspapers inveighed against the corrupt Government and its wicked Secretary at War; and, if we remember rightly, Sir James Graham, who knew better than any statesman of his own, or indeed of any other, time how to frame a terrible indictment against opponents, made "W. B." the theme of more than one platform speech.

When the House of Commons met in November, the subject was of course raised. There was a great coalition of all parties, with the object of turning out the Government, and such an opportunity of discrediting it could not be neglected. Sir Alexander Cockburn, whose zeal for purity at elections had been quickened by a petition presented against his own return for Southampton, after one false start, due to the ruling of the Speaker that the complaint of the petition was identical with that of an ordinary election petition complaining of an undue return, and must be proceeded with accordingly, succeeded a little later in obtaining the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the whole question, his proposal having been supported by Sir John Yarde Buller, known afterwards as Lord Churston, who represented Major Beresford. The Committee so appointed was what, even in those days of Parliamentary vigour, would have been called a strong one. Its chairman was Mr. Goulburn, member for the University of Cambridge and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Sir Robert Peel's Administration; and the other members were Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Deedes, Viscount Barrington, and Lord Harry Vane, the present Duke of Cleveland, and the sole survivor. The Committee prosecuted their inquiries diligently enough; but they only presented their Report—one of the most remarkable exercises in English composition to be found, even in Parliamentary records—on the 16th December, the fourth and the last night of the great debate which decided the fate of that Ministry—a debate which, considering who were the men who took part in it, was perhaps the most virulent and vituperative which the House of Commons has known in the lifetime of its oldest member. The division compelled the resignation of the Government, and Major Beresford and his letter were soon forgotten. The Committee reported that a plan for an organized system of bribery had existed at Derby at the last election, that Major Beresford had written the letter signed "W. B." and they proceeded, in language which we would recommend to modern writers of grammars, if they took their examples as Cobbett did from Queen's speeches and Parliamentary documents, to say that "your Committee do not find sufficient evidence to satisfy their minds that the arrangements, schemes, and objects referred to in the petition were known to and concurred in by the Right Honourable William Beresford, Secretary at War, and member of the House, but your Committee are of opinion that the equivocal expressions in this letter ought at least to have suggested to him the idea that an improper use might be, and in fact was, made of the letter, and they find a reckless indifference to consequences which they cannot too highly censure."

If Major Beresford was recklessly indifferent to consequences, consequences had already fallen upon him before the Report of the Committee was presented. It was understood at the time that he had already resigned, and had been succeeded by Viscount Jocelyn, who died too early for his own reputation and the good of the country. Lord Jocelyn, who was a much valued recruit to the Ministerial side, made an effective speech on behalf of the Government, but as that Government was defeated by a majority of nineteen, and necessarily resigned, Major Beresford only retired with his colleagues, and Lord Jocelyn did not obtain the opportunity of which he doubtless would have made good use. Major Beresford's Parliamentary career extended over some thirteen years further; but it was marked by nothing more important than a certain grumbling tone which greatly exercised the Conservative managers of the time. Major Beresford did not approve the policy of the Conservative Opposition. He was one of those "patriots" the last survivor of

whom is Mr. G. P. Bentinck, who preferred Lord Palmerston's Whiggism to Mr. Disraeli's Toryism, and he made no secret of his opinions when he met his constituents—in Parliament he was a silent member—and probably enough to that outspokenness he owed his defeat in 1865. The Conservative party did not rally round him, and Sir Thomas Western was returned for North Essex as the colleague of Mr.—now Sir Charles—Ducane.

Mr. Beresford was a very honourable as well as a very able man. If he played with edged tools and connived at practices which would make the hair of the Attorney-General stand on end, he only did what the manners and morals of the time permitted to any gentleman. Even Sir Henry James himself in 1852 could not in his heart have severely condemned "W. B."

RESULTS OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

IF the success of an exhibition is to be measured by its continued popularity, the promoters of the Great International Fisheries Exhibition may congratulate themselves that since the close of the World's Fair in 1851 few attempts of any kind have been so completely successful as that which is still open in the Gardens at South Kensington. To what extent the anticipated advantages will be realized time alone can show; but that those on whom the responsibility has rested have deserved success is already abundantly proved. It was perhaps necessary, to ensure the popularity of the scheme, that the unthinking visitor should be amused; and, presumably towards that end, the Committee have admitted and condescended to classify as products of the world's fisheries certain more or less indifferent devices in glass-work and lobster-claws, and have afforded room to piles of tinned provisions, opera-glasses, and bedroom china. But such incongruities are exceptional; and few, indeed, are the exhibits which are not appropriately selected to illustrate the pursuits, the necessities, and habits of those who as fishermen, for profit or for pleasure, "occupy their business in the great waters." Throughout the real object of this vast collection has never been overlooked; and the valuable introductory notes in the official Catalogue, and the still more valuable handbooks issued by authority of the Council, are not merely works for present guidance or for future reference, but form an important addition to the literature of a subject which yearly becomes of more engrossing interest.

As to the importance of the great sea fisheries there cannot be two opinions. It is not only that every year we become more dependent upon them for a considerable portion of our food supplies, but the pursuit furnishes a means of subsistence for an ever-increasing number of our population; while they form the nurseries of a brave and hardy race of seamen, trained from their earliest youth to seek their livelihood from and contend with the stormiest and most tempestuous of seas. Our inland fisheries are only of less interest and of less consequence because they are less extensive and are more under our command; but their value lies not only in the food they furnish, but in the harmless and healthy recreation they afford. Those who are not conversant with the literature of inland fishing can form but little idea of the extent to which angling as a sport prevails among English people. There are 156 fishing clubs in London alone; in Lancashire there are more than a hundred. It is computed that the Sheffield anglers, from lack of opportunity nearer home, yearly expend in one or other way some fifteen thousand pounds upon their sport. And if the statistics of other important centres of industry could be obtained, a by no means inconsiderable number of the artisan, as well as of the wealthier classes, would be found with whom fishing forms their chief, if not their only, recreation; and, in view of such interests, the question which it is the primary object of this exhibition to solve becomes a momentous one. And that question is, whether it is advisable, and if that be conceded whether it is possible, by the introduction of improved methods of capture, such as will secure the greatest profit with the least preventable damage, and by well-considered legislation, so to regulate and utilize our fisheries that our waters may not be unduly depleted, and that all wasteful destruction of our present fish-supplies be prevented? There is hardly any question connected with our fisheries which is at this moment less easy of solution, or one about which such widely different opinions have been expressed. All are agreed with regard to our inland fisheries. As population increases the pollution of canals and rivers renders the destruction of fish, in the absence of preventive legislation, a mere question of time. The evidence as to the condition of our salmon fisheries, the most valuable of all, is unhappily conclusive. The list of streams in which this noble fish once abounded and from which he is now partially or entirely driven would be a long one. No salmon is now ever known to ascend the Thames. The increased value of "the manor and church, the pastures and woods of Lambeth" may console the Archbishop for the absence of the "salmon and lampreys" which Mr. Loftie tells us were once annexed to the See of Canterbury. The Severn fish are by no means so numerous as once they were. The pollution of the Wye at Hereford must, before long, depopulate that lovely stream. It would be a determined fish—*illi robur et æs triplex*—which, leaving the estuary of the Humber, should dare to penetrate far up the fetid waters of the Aire; for it is many a long year since the familiar couplet bore any meaning but that of the keenest irony:—

Castleford women must needs be fair,
They wash their faces in Calder and Aire.

Comparatively few salmon ascend the Trent; a single fish is perhaps now taken in the Derwent where forty years ago scores were seen to play. And the history of lesser English streams is much the same. Except where fish-culture is practised, and careful legislation affords its protection, even the coarser fish do not now number a tithe of those which once were found. And, though much has been done, still more must yet be achieved in checking unnecessary pollution, in regulating the modes and times of capture, and in well-considered methods of fish-culture, before our inland waters regain their proper value. But it is with sea fisheries that we are now most concerned; and in prudent legislation, it may be, lies our chief prospect for the future.

The evidence recently given at Aberdeen and Dundee before the Royal Commissioners on Trawl-net Fishing is but a repetition of an almost universal complaint, echoed from every part of our coasts, as to the rapidly lessening value of our inshore fisheries. It is not merely the indignant declaration of some irate old fisherman that he might as well cast his nets upon the high road as into the once prolific but now empty bay; it is a matter of common notoriety, which might as well be accepted without further cavil, that the supplies of such fish as turbot, soles, or brill have within the last few years very seriously fallen off. The deep-sea fisheries may as yet seem uninjured; the shoals of herring, mackerel, and pilchard show no signs of diminution. Carefully prepared statistics may be quoted to prove with almost mathematical exactness that the toll taken by ourselves is an absurdly small percentage of the whole, while the destruction of fish by their natural enemies is twenty times as great. Still the fact remains, however it be accounted for, that the banks and pits within easy reach of land yield but a tithe of the fish which could formerly be captured. To quote the words of Dr. Francis Day, and there are few men whose opinion is of greater weight, "we are catching fewer fish inshore, and what are taken are not the size of those caught twenty years ago." From Brixham to Grimsby and to the fisheries further north, the complaint is the same; ground after ground is ceasing to yield, the scarcity is continual and increasing. On one well-known bank it is reported "soles used to be caught"; from another, the once famous "Silver Pits," where flat fish were so abundant as almost to justify the name, we are told that "only in the coldest winter are fish in any quantity to be obtained." And the evidence is not limited to our own shores. Our fellow-countrymen in Canada and our cousins in the States make similar reports of the disappearance of fish from their former haunts. "The experience of twenty-five years' observation on the coast . . . has shown that, owing to indiscriminate fishing at the time of spawning, there is a decrease in the supply." From Norway and Sweden there is the same complaint—"fish are growing scarce"; "within the three or four miles limit the cod are almost gone"; "they (the fishermen) have to go further and further away in pursuit."

It may be that the most hopeful result of the International Fisheries Exhibition lies in the ready acceptance of these lessons. So long as the nation is content to assume that its vast sea fisheries are practically inexhaustible, it is more than useless to legislate for their protection, and even when the fact that our inshore fisheries, at least, are far less profitable than they were, and the serious importance of this fact, are recognized, legislation without still further knowledge can only be tentative, and will probably be unwise. Over-fishing may to some extent be prevented, as may also the destruction of spawn or immature fish, and it is hardly possible to exaggerate the extent of this reckless destruction; a close time for certain species may be enforced; some sheltered bays, or specially defined areas, may be preserved into which no trawl or shrimp-net shall intrude; the protection afforded by the Wild Birds Act may be withdrawn from such rapacious fowl as the cormorant, the shag, the gannet, or the black-backed gull. But until we are possessed of more accurate knowledge of the life-history of the many species of fish which surround our shores, legislation should be very sparingly resorted to.

It has been well said in one of the most thoughtful papers which have been issued by the Committee—that by Professor Ray Lankester—"the only mode of deciding between the conflicting opinions which have so often been expressed as to the necessity of this or that legislative enactment is by bringing new knowledge to bear upon the questions at issue. That new knowledge is neither more nor less than a part of zoological science, and can only be obtained through the exertions of those who are already acquainted with the actual conditions of that science, and with its methods of minute and thorough investigation."

There is but one way in which this suggestion can be carried out, and that is in the establishment of a marine observatory; and, though, as we are already forewarned, other rival schemes may be proposed for the disposal of any surplus profits which the Fisheries Committee may have at their command, it is doubtful whether any better claim than this can be preferred. Such claim, we are well aware, may not meet with universal acceptance. The foundation of a national orphanage for the children of the brave fishermen who yearly sacrifice their lives in our stormy seas will recommend itself to many. Others, again, will urge, and with some show of reason, the ever-growing necessity of frequent, well-selected harbours of refuge, into which fishing-boats may retreat in stress of weather. Happily this is a question which need arouse no party spirit, and one which the friends of our fishermen would do well to press upon each succeeding Government—harbours of refuge only, not costly areas in which vessels of any tonnage might ride through a gale, and which, since the millennium has not yet begun,

would demand new and formidable defences. Philanthropists would rejoice to see the streams of charity more generously directed towards the needs of fisher-folk, and trust that the gallant fellows themselves would learn the advantages of self-help; but the knowledge that must regulate the future and afford ground for prudent legislation in the interests of all can be gained by no narrow individual effort, but can only be the reward of well-arranged, united research, such as only a marine observatory could afford. It is needless to say that the proposed experiment is not a new and untried one. The zoological station at Naples, as well as others, as at Trieste and Villefranche, have in their few years of existence done no little good and useful work; and the establishment, if surplus funds permit, of a similar station at some favourable place on our English coasts would be not only the most fitting, but in the end prove the most useful, memorial of the International Fisheries Exhibition. Since Professor Lankester first made it, the proposal has received the signatures of many men of science of the highest rank and the formal endorsement of the British Association. After all, it is not improbable that the more accurate knowledge gained by systematic research will lessen rather than increase the desire for restrictive legislation; and the result will be a like decision to that arrived at by the United States Commissioners, that it will be better "to expend a smaller amount of money in making fish so abundant that they may be caught without restriction, and serve as cheap food to the people at large, rather than to expend a much larger amount in preventing the people from catching the few that will remain after generations of improvidence."

HET EXCELLENSTE KRUYD THEE.

A VERITABLE storm in a tea-cup has been raised in this tea-drinking country by certain words lightly uttered by the Dean of Bangor. He has now explained that his denunciation of tea as a revolutionary agent was only a subtle joke; but meanwhile the storm has raged, and when Englishmen (being a practical people) once do seriously take up any controversy of the tea-cup sort, their zeal is not so easily calmed. Peace-making therefore seeming an impossible task, the best practical charity may be to offer to the combatants the means of making their strife dignified and scholarly. The battle-ground is an historical one, the quarrel ancient and solemn, and the materials far richer than is commonly known. In the first half-century or so after the introduction of tea and coffee to Europe, their virtues and dangers, real and imaginary, were the subject of no less heated discussion than those of tobacco. Counterblasts and apologies were rife; and it would be difficult to name any disease—at least, any known in the seventeenth century—of which tea was not stoutly asserted by the one side to be a cause, on the other to be a remedy.

Not the least quaint of the advocates of tea, certainly one of the most vigorous, was Dr. Cornelius Bontekoe, a clever physician of the Hague, belonging to the Cartesian school in philosophy, and holding in some respects technical and scientific opinions in advance of his time, which, not without aid from a naturally quick temper, kept him in a pretty constant state of controversy during a busy life. Two centuries and a few years ago he published his *Treatise of the most excellent herb Tea*, which speedily reached a second edition. In this edition it now lies before us (*Tractaat van het excellente Kruid Thee; 't welk vertoont het regte gebruik, en de groote krachten van 't selve in Gezontheit, en Siekten, &c.* In 's Gravenhage, 1679). Probably no born Netherlander ever succeeded in writing worse Dutch. The language is choked with Gallicisms and Latinisms—a fact of which Bontekoe was not wholly unaware, and for which he accounts, rather with pride than with regret, by his extensive conversation with the learned world outside Holland. Another preliminary warning he gives the reader is that, being an orthodox physician and no quack-salver, he has no manner of design to set up tea for an universal panacea. This warning was certainly judicious, for without it he would have exposed himself to be much mistaken. If all Bontekoe's statements in the body of the work were taken at their full value, it would be hard indeed to discover the virtue that tea has not.

Our knights and ladies of the Blue Ribbon may find in the pages of Bontekoe that the praise of tea as a temperance drink is a very old story. Who, he triumphantly asks, ever got a red and pimply nose by tea-drinking? It would be less to the taste of such readers if they persevered far enough to find also that tea is exalted at the expense of cold water, which is pronounced (in striking anticipation of modern sanitary science) to be a drink so full of danger that no rational man will venture on it. In tea alone, Dr. Bontekoe opined, was perfect safety. And as for the Dean of Bangor's fears for the intellectual and political effects of tea, Dr. Bontekoe maintains the exact contrary. Tea is shown by experience, he declares, to be the sovereign brain-drink; it is a specific for the memory; nay more, it is a specific (so far as any such is possible in human medicine) for procuring wisdom and piety. Tea-drinking, if any human means, will avail to foster and make abundantly fruitful the natural sciences which are now in a way of notable advance (by this allusion Bontekoe judiciously combines his adoration of tea with a manifesto of his fidelity to Cartesian principles, for which he had borne witness at Leyden to the extent, not of death or bonds indeed, but of a considerable amount

of annoyance). Oh that some one would give the refreshment of tea without stint, if truly these things be so, to our leaders of Salvation Armies, that they may be wise as well as pious, and to our popular lecturers and providers of school-books, that they may cause true science to flourish! But we fear that if Dr. Bontekoe returned to earth he would find much tea to have been drunk, even more tea than he can have imagined Europe to be capable of drinking, and unwisdom nevertheless not to have ceased out of the world. Tea is moreover, it appears, a great remedy against religious melancholy and other evil humours and corrupt passions. It promotes the sober and respectable cheerfulness which Bontekoe assumes, as probably most well-to-do Dutchmen in the seventeenth century did, to be the perfect state of man. After this it is but a light thing to learn that tea preserves the sight, is notably good for hardness of hearing, and is a sure prophylactic against colds and coughs. Dr. Bontekoe is a voracious and honourable writer; and it is only the perversity of scientific scepticism, as the Psychical Society have taught us, that hesitates to accept the assertion of a credible witness. Therefore we can only conclude that the colds and coughs of our ancestors, before their constitutions were fortified by tea, were very terrible indeed.

Enemies of tea, on the other hand, might pick up a hint or two from Dr. Bontekoe's apologetic passages. We are not aware that it has occurred to any one lately to charge tea-drinkers as a class with having acquired an epileptic habit. This (among others for various reasons not quotable or not worth quoting) was one of the suspicious tea laboured under in Bontekoe's time. As for its keeping people awake, this author, not being able to deny the fact, boldly makes a virtue of it. What a blessing to students, he exclaims, is a herb that will drive away sleep even from the sleepest mortals, *selfs in de aller slaperigste personen*, and moreover (as he affirms) without the least ill consequence! What a cure, he suggests with cruel ingenuity, for the proverbial laziness of children! A modern doctor would be more than astonished by a colleague who should propose keeping school-children up to their work by potations of tea; and yet it may be considerable, if we may use the English of Bontekoe's day, whether even tea be not a better persuasive than the cane to "home lessons," if "home lessons" must needs be.

But now there is a confession to be made, whereat the Dean of Bangor and the followers of the Dean may greatly rejoice. Dr. Bontekoe stoutly declares that ten or twelve cups of tea after dinner could never do harm to any one; and for the practised tea-drinker he pronounces fifty, one hundred, or even two hundred in the day to be nothing excessive. Surely, one is tempted to think, Dr. Johnson's performances are nothing to this. One begins to fear, indeed, that so mighty a champion must be a braggart. If we tarry a little and read further, we discover the secret. Bontekoe's tea was not as our tea, nor his cups as our cups. The cups were evidently very small, and he is anxious to have it understood that strong tea is, in his opinion, highly dangerous. What the tea was like which he so much recommends may be gathered from the pretty full description of the ceremonies of a tea-party given towards the end of the book. First of all, the tea is made in a pot of either metal or earthenware (*trek-potje*); no rule is given either as to the quantity to be used, or the time it should stand in the pot, but both are vaguely described as a little. The strong tea, "extract" as Bontekoe calls it, is poured in small portions into the drinkers' cups, which are then filled up with water, and every man drinks off his cup in three or four gulps—without fear of burning his mouth, it is carefully stated. Vainly do we of the nineteenth century regret the age when teapot-valour was still a distinction. Meanwhile, the pot also has been filled up with boiling water, the cups are replenished from this second infusion, and the process is repeated as long as the water that comes out of the teapot has any taste and colour. At this rate the last twenty or thirty cups must have been harmless enough. Bontekoe says nothing of taking milk or cream with tea, and we should infer that the practice was unknown to him. The inference is confirmed by two supplementary chapters on coffee and chocolate, which are added to his second edition. As to milk in coffee he is equally silent; as to chocolate he mentions the admixture of milk and other things as used by some persons, but discredits it as a gross and superfluous luxury. Sugar in tea is yet more sternly condemned by him, as a device to make the drink palatable when it is so strong as to be mischievous. Perhaps, then, the Dean of Bangor was in a measure right after all, and all the newfangled ailments of the body politic are due, not indeed to tea-drinking in itself, but to the neglect of the true and only rational and wholesome manner and form of drinking tea set forth in Dr. Bontekoe's treatise. And, perhaps, it is not too late to reform. The manner is one to which Englishmen at all events ought to take kindly. For we have never had enough of a pleasure, an argument, or a joke, until the water comes out of the pot manifestly without colour or savour.

THE NEW RULES OF LEGAL PROCEDURE.

ON the 24th of this month the New Rules of Legal Procedure come into force, and the legal profession and that portion of the public who are unfortunate enough to be brought into contact with that profession will have an opportunity of practically judging of their effect and advisableness.

The transition will not be an instantaneous or very violent one. No alteration is made in the dates at which the legal sittings commence, and the tribunals will not reassemble before the 2nd of November. The termination of the Long Vacation on the 24th of October will only see, therefore, a partial awakening of legal business; so that it may suffice for the present to treat only of those stages and forms of litigation which can take place in the short interval between the 24th of October and the 2nd of November, and the changes which the new procedure will bring about in them.

But we may first record a regret that the New Rules have not obliterated this interval by curtailing the Long Vacation, or at least making its close the signal for the re-opening of business in full swing. All other professions have finished their holidays long before the 24th of October; the doctors, for instance, resign themselves to business on the 1st of October as unanimously as if they were pheasants. As a matter of fact, barristers and solicitors are mostly back in chambers and offices early in October; and it is only the absence of the judges, who are allowed a holiday more protracted than that enjoyed by their juniors, that prevents the general resumption of business. So that the interval is particularly irritating; there is work to do which must be attended to, but the full harvest is delayed on account of the absence of some few who are not directly interested in it. However, the existence of this interval may this year have some counterbalancing advantage in the opportunity it affords for the profession becoming more gradually acquainted with the new order of things.

And, firstly, the coming into operation of the New Rules will make itself immediately felt in the restrictions which have been imposed upon the drawing and delivery of pleadings. This branch of legal practice was, according to general report, absolutely and definitely doomed, together with the advantage which the Junior Bar have been hitherto wont to suck thereout. As will be seen, however, the abolition is of a very mitigated character. It seems scarcely necessary to explain that the term "pleadings" does not mean the oral argument or advocacy of counsel, with which it is sometimes associated in unenlightened minds, but the interchange between the parties of printed or written documents, wherein their respective cases are set out, the facts being usually moulded so as to make the case at any rate look strong upon paper. The form of pleadings, which ultimately constitute and formulate the questions for decision, was, prior to 1873, a marvel of technicality and legal jargon; the system introduced by the Judicature Acts had for one of its objects the rationalizing and simplifying of the method, enjoining the use of ordinary in lieu of legal language; but technicality again crept in, and the present pleadings are well-nigh as bad as the old, though the technicality is concealed rather than apparent. The first step in this paper warfare is the statement of claim delivered by the plaintiff. The New Rules seek to abolish this step, where practicable, with a view to lessening the delay and expense caused by the protraction of these formal preliminaries. The indorsement on the writ is in all available cases to take the place of the statement of claim, which, unless demanded by the defendant, can only be delivered by the plaintiff at his own risk with reference to costs should such delivery be afterwards held to have been unnecessary. Moreover, a stock of precedents for statements of claim is furnished in an appendix, divergence from which exposes the plaintiff to the risk of costs, and these precedents are framed in the crudest and most compressed manner, the story of the plaintiff's wrongs being abbreviated to an indication rather than a statement of the facts. Still the forms seem sufficient to let the defendant know what is being alleged against him. Very possibly the drawing of statements of claim may be lost to the Junior Bar as a source of profit, and plaintiffs or their solicitors may take this part of the business upon themselves, trusting to the light of nature and a servile imitation of the published forms. But with all the aid forms can give, a man who is his own lawyer will probably still have a fool for a client, and solicitors, being still subject to that liability for negligence from which counsel are happily exempt, will probably hesitate to save their client's money at the risk of their own. So there is yet "balm in Gilead." As with statements of claim, so with statements of defence. Forms are provided and their use enjoined under similar penalties. But the drawing a defence is more matter of technical knowledge than drawing the plain unvarnished tale of a claim. A number of legal defences exist, such as those based on the Statute of Frauds or of Limitations, of which the non-legal mind knows nothing, and which even scarcely commend themselves to it when known. The facts therefore must be carefully sifted and considered with a view to ascertaining whether any of these defences are applicable, and as they must be raised by the statement of defence or not at all, few actions, we imagine, will reach this stage without falling into the hands of counsel. A rule requires that pleadings, when drawn by counsel, shall be signed by him. This has long been the practice in the Chancery division; but its object is not very clear, unless it be to afford a means of friendly communication between the opposing counsel, with a view to explanations likely to facilitate matters or lead to a compromise. By the New Rules an innovation, which we cannot but think a salutary one, is introduced, which will have its main effect at the statement-of-defence stage. Demurrers are abolished; and, in lieu thereof, any point of law which, admitting the statement of facts of the opposite party, affords an answer thereto, is to be taken in the next pleading delivered. It was high time this was done. The final blow was practically given to demurrers when it was recently settled that a party, after having been beaten on a demurrer, was not debarred

from raising the same point again at the trial. It was obviously an abuse that the same question should be decided twice over by two courts of co-ordinate jurisdiction; and, as the point of law may still be tried prior to and independently of the questions of fact, the only advantage claimed for demurrers—namely, that where they went to the whole matter they sometimes practically disposed of an action more quickly and economically than if it had gone to trial—is preserved.

Another alteration relating to this stage demands and deserves particular notice. A practice, legitimate under the old Rules, sprang up of a defendant's paying money into court and at the same time totally denying his liability to the plaintiff. The plaintiff was at liberty to take this money out and keep it in any event, the only consequence of such conduct being that, if he proved a claim to a less amount, he had to go without his own costs and pay the defendant's from the time when such money was paid in. This is now put on a more fair and rational basis. The defendant may still pay into court and deny his liability, saying, in effect, "I owe you nothing; but, for the sake of peace and quiet, I am willing to give you so much to withdraw your claim; but, if you do not accept it in full satisfaction, go on and do your worst." The plaintiff may then, if he likes, take out the money in satisfaction, and get his costs; but if he does not do so, it remains in court as a sort of stake. If he recovers less, the balance, and if he recovers nothing, the whole is refunded to the defendant, and the judge, in settling the question of costs at the trial, would take these matters into consideration. So much for the pleadings, for it will be understood that the subsequent ones are to be constructed on a similarly abridged principle. One anomaly in relation thereto may be noticed which has been rectified. Under certain circumstances, a party was entitled without leave to amend his pleadings, while the other had to obtain leave to make any amendment thereby necessitated in his own. Henceforth such amendment by one party is to confer a corresponding right upon the other.

Though the Courts do not begin to sit until the 2nd of November, Judges' Chambers, with one or two judges and the full staff of masters, reopen for business on the 24th of October. As is generally understood, the main work transacted there is the determination of points of practice arising in pending cases; but the outside public have but a very inadequate conception of the amount of business included in this province. As a fact, the multitude of summonses which a solicitor or counsel, anxious to make business out of a case, could with a certain show of justification take out and attend in the course of it has been quite preposterous. The New Rules propose to stamp out this practice by instituting one general form of summonses, called the Summons for Directions, by means of which either party can obtain on one application all the facilities for framing his own case or discovering his opponent's which formerly necessitated or gave specious ground for the usual succession of summonses. Any further application which might have been embodied in this general application will only be granted at the expense of the party making it. As we have said, this regulation is well calculated to minimize the evils it was designed to counteract, but at the same time it may weigh somewhat heavily on those who have hitherto sought only to avail themselves in a perfectly legitimate manner of the powers obtainable by a reasonable series of summonses at successive stages of the case. For it is very open to question whether, at the earliest period at which it will now be necessary to utilize the summons for directions, a counsel, however astute, will be able to forecast the exact future requirements of the case. He will then be in the undesirable dilemma of having either to make a general application, including a variety of requisitions which he is unable honestly to support at that stage, or of limiting his general summons and risking the having to pay costs on some future application. The difficulty is enhanced by the fact that whereas heretofore interrogatories, one of the most useful methods of preliminary discovery in use, have been administered without leave, leave has now, save in cases of fraud, to be obtained prior to their administration, and therefore the number of matters to be included in the one general summons is increased. This provision for the avoiding a multiplicity of summonses diminishes the practical utility of what is, however, a laudable provision—namely, that all applications at Chambers shall go to the same master, to whom the cause is said to be assigned. This is designed to obviate the necessity which exists when a case may come before any number of different masters at various stages, of having each time to recapitulate the whole facts for his edification before he can deal with the matter before him. Inasmuch, however, as no similar provision exists with regard to appeals to the judge in Chambers in the Queen's Bench Division, this inconvenience will still remain with regard to such appeals.

One other rule which, perhaps, more appertains to that portion of the new system which we may hereafter consider should, however, be referred to here, inasmuch as it distinctly affects the question of advising on actions to be brought, and also touches the interests of the Junior Bar—a body whose position was supposed to be specially jeopardized by the New Rules. In actions founded on contract, where the plaintiff recovers a sum not exceeding 50*l.*, he is to be entitled to no more costs than he would have been entitled to had he brought his action in a County Court, unless the Court or a judge otherwise orders. The limit has hitherto been 20*l.*, and the raising it to 50*l.* will infallibly send into the County Courts a good deal of work which now comes to the Superior Courts. If brought in the Superior Courts, of course the

aid of a junior is necessary; but solicitors have an equal right of audience in the County Courts, and there are many members of that body whose powers of advocacy are at least on a par with those of the average junior. Still, as we have said, most solicitors are shy of undertaking responsibility which they can avoid by the employment of counsel, and the probable result of the alteration will be a distinct benefit to what is known as the Junior Junior Bar. The leading juniors will not be able to quit the New Law Courts to attend County Courts, and the work then will fall into the hands of those who are not so extensively employed in the High Court. A very good field of training, together with opportunities for acquiring business, is thus opened out which will probably in time supersede the declining custom of going Sessions.

So far, then, we have but little fault to find with the New Rules; the alterations they bring in are small and insignificant compared with the expectations raised by their preparation; but, such as they are, they are justified by good sense and a regard to cheap and speedy procedure.

THE ABOLITION OF SERMONS.

WHEN, in 1447, Reginald Pecock, then Bishop of St. Asaph, was in danger of official censure for declaring that bishops might, and indeed did, employ themselves better than in preaching sermons, he was saved by the interference of certain secular lords "who hated preaching." It is probable that any bishop who nowadays advanced the opinion that the clergy generally might be excused from that part of their functions would find himself upheld by the opinion of a considerable number of laymen besides secular lords. A suggestion that there should be no more preaching has come, curiously enough, from a Nonconformist preacher. There was a time, and that not long ago, when it would have been hard to point out any part of a chapel service besides the sermon which was likely to attract hearers. All this has been changed in a great measure. And there are few Dissenting chapels now where some effort has not been made to attract worshippers by attention to matters which were once held to be "rags of popery." A Nonconformist service is also sufficiently elastic to give the minister opportunities for speaking his mind on many matters without the delivery of a regular sermon; for what the Duke of Wellington used to call "fancy prayers" are capable of admitting a good deal of indirect preaching. The sermon, however, is still probably that part of their service which is most dear to Nonconformists. The minister is chiefly judged by his power of preaching, and his pulpit utterances are heard and canvassed with a critical interest which is for the most part entirely strange to Church congregations. Mr. Hurndall, as a Dissenter, is probably singular in his wish to abolish sermons. We hope that his congregation are duly grateful to him for the performance of his disagreeable duty in preaching. Rebellion against sermons is more usual in Churchmen than in Dissenters. And a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Saturday last, on which we shall have something to say presently, expresses a wish for the abolition of sermons, which perhaps found an impatient echo in some hearts on the following day. The attachment of Churchmen for their own Liturgy, and the opportunity which it affords for beauty and dignity in worship, are sufficient to account for the lower place which the sermon holds in their estimation than it does with those who reject their Form of Prayer. Nor do the services of the Church give that prominence to the sermon which it now occupies. For, while a sermon is now held to be the necessary conclusion of Morning and Evening Prayer on every Sunday, it is not expressly provided for in the Order of the Church, except in the Service of the Administration of the Holy Communion. And, though it is declared to be part of the duty of godfathers and godmothers towards the child for whom they have answered "to call upon him to hear sermons," this is not laid down in the baptism of those of riper years. While, however, there are some Churchmen who would heartily endorse the opinion of Queen Elizabeth that two preachers were enough for a county, we do not believe that Churchmen generally would be willing that sermons should become as rare as they were under her governance. The absorbing work and the no less absorbing pleasures of life tend to harden the heart and narrow the sympathies. We have no mind to cast away a power which may be, and often is, used to exalt men, if only for a little time, into a nobler and purer atmosphere than that of daily life. The petulant complaints of those who, like the secular lords of the Council of Henry VI., hate preaching, are no sufficient ground for wishing to lose one of the influences which tend to make society better and less selfish.

It is, however, a melancholy fact that sermons are too often irritating and depressing. Instead of being exalted into a nobler atmosphere, we sometimes leave a church worse than we went in. We have been wearied, and when men are weary they are apt to be cross. The weariness is not altogether the fault of either preacher or hearer. Clergymen are called on to preach too often, and—but that is their fault—they are apt to preach too long. A clergyman, for the most part, lives in a professional groove. His duties, and often his inclination, keep him from a constant interchange of thought with men who look on life from a different standpoint. His thoughts and his mode of expression are apt to be distinctly clerical. Much preaching is, therefore, like the march of a stage army in which the soldiers are multiplied by reappearance. If there were fewer sermons preachers could speak with greater

freshness, and congregations would be prepared to listen with greater attention. And it would be well if our preachers could recognize that it is given to very few to be able, like Canon Liddon, to hold our attention for some forty minutes, and then to dismiss us with the consciousness that, even if we have received no higher good, we have at least enjoyed an intellectual treat. If preachers could limit their sermons by the extent of their ideas, we should have little cause of complaint. We should lose the sermon of the celebrated "Mother Hubbard" type, in which a text is twisted into every form of speech and repeated with variations over and over again. And, what is more to be desired even than this, preachers would no longer make those violent efforts to gain attention which too often lead them into what is unfit for the occasion. Among these efforts, attempts at realism often produce the most unpleasant results. It is dangerous to be wise above that which is written, and to attempt to fill in what the Scripture leaves out. Not long ago, for instance, we were introduced from the pulpit to the experiences of the son of the widow of Nain between his death and his reawakening. And, after the preacher had described the new light in which he must have looked on all things, he asked his congregation to follow this man of strange experiences into the market-place of Nain and "listen to him while he administered a stern reproof to a boy whom he caught stealing an apple from a stall." From such an offence against good taste as this we should probably have been saved if the preacher had not been conscious that his ideas were exhausted. Among many things for which we hope to be able to forgive Canon Farrar, not the least is that he has introduced this way of treating the Gospel narrative. If he himself is free from such gross breaches of decorum as this, he must be content to bear the sins of his followers. With realism in narrative may be classed realism in diction, a trick which is only one degree less offensive than the other. For we consider that to have that virtue which "seeketh not her own" illustrated by the price charged for "your tea and coffee," and to be reminded of the changes of this mortal world by being told that "you will soon be going about in a bath-chair," is fitter for the platform of the hall of the Salvation Army than for the pulpit of the Church of England. Copious quotations of poetry are another and a not uncommon means by which preachers seek to supply the place of freshness of thought. Unhappily these quotations are themselves stale. Well we know what we are to expect when, as soon as the text is given out, we hear that "the late Charles Kingsley has beautifully remarked in reference to those touching lines," &c. "The primrose on the river's brim" is followed by the "tragic despair" of Byron, and so, through many a hackneyed verse, until we reach at last the vague geography of Mrs. Hemans and "her gentle boy," or find the preacher, who has either not prepared or forgotten his ending, committing happy despatch with a verse of the hymn which his congregation is about to sing. Readier even than these means of filling up the predetermined half-hour lie stores of indignant protest. Are not men of science always with us? May not the mention of any one of the works of nature lead to thoughts of the wickedness of those by whom those works are sought out? And the remonstrance "Go to, ye little sticks and stones, who are ye that ye should contradict your Maker?" is repeated in less racy language than that of a former vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford. In these days, however, there are new dogs to be beaten. Even the calm course of a harvest sermon, which began with the harmless, but, as it proved, somewhat irrelevant, remark that "A few months ago I was standing on the slopes of the hills of Dothan," has been known to be broken by a sudden outburst of wrath equally irrelevant against Agnostics. As, however, we may conclude that no Agnostics were present, and as it was evident that the speaker, in common, certainly, with most of his hearers, had very vague notions about them no great harm was done. We can scarcely say the same of a sermon preached on a like occasion before a congregation composed to no small extent of London shopmen and others of the same class. For them the preacher was unwise enough to quote at great length the explanation given by M. Renan of the raising of Lazarus as an example of the unbelief of the day. In offering the poison was he sure that those who heard him would accept his antidote, or, indeed, that the antidote he had to give was strong enough for the occasion? Those who had read the *Vie de Jésus* while he perhaps was yet at school had surely no need to be reminded of the passage, especially in the coarse language with which he clothed the sentiments of the writer; and, taking his own ground, the preacher will probably admit that, as regards those who had never read it, the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil is not always wholesome. False realism in narrative, unpleasant familiarity in words, stale quotations, and inappropriate bursts of indignation, are signs that preachers preach too often and too long. And, seeing that many of us go to church on Sunday not as yet wholly refreshed after a week's work, they account for some of the impatience of which preachers do not fail to complain.

But, because we find fault with some sermons, is that a reason why we should wish that all sermons were done away with? The writer to the *Pall Mall Gazette* who signs himself "A.M." has a cause of complaint all to himself. He wishes that sermons should be abolished because their subjects seem to him unsuitable. "A.M." is indeed hard to please. He asks for subjects "noble, tender, pathetic, solemn," and objects to "the character of Saul" as unfitted for the pulpit. He wants a topic "most grave," and finds that the sin of Simon Magus does not answer the descrip-

tion; he wants a topic which "can occupy the attention of men," and considers that the differences of Christendom with reference to the attitude of the Church towards the Blessed Virgin are matter unworthy of consideration. Because he does not remember anything about sermons preached some years ago, he therefore argues that they were not worth remembering; and because a Dissenting preacher wishes to preach no more, there can be no good in sermons either now or for ever. We are content to leave him to the voiceless consolations of his Nonconformist apostle. For ourselves, we thankfully acknowledge the good work which we believe is done by many sermons. Leaving out the few who are entitled to rank as great preachers, there are many of the clergy who are content to deliver sermons which are simple enough, and which by their very simplicity instruct, console, and elevate. No one who knows the poor can think that they would see the pulpit empty with satisfaction, or that their lives would be happier or better if sermons were abolished. Nor do we wish to confine the benefit of preaching to them. The preaching of Christianity has not lost its power on society, and we see no signs that it is about to lose it. At the same time, the haters of sermons have some cause for their complaints, and indeed, as we have shown, we too have suffered. There are, perhaps, difficulties in the way of many of the clergy as regards preaching less frequently, though we believe that these difficulties may be overcome. There are no difficulties in the way of preaching shorter sermons. If all the younger clergy, like many amongst them, could simply say just what they feel is in them, and say it as much as possible as if they were talking to the people before them, there would be fewer of these demands for the abolition of sermons. We are anxious, not that the sermon should be abolished, but that it should become more popular. A preacher who avoids being artificial generally awakens sympathy. And if a man is not to be artificial he must take care not to exhaust himself.

THE CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE fear that to too large a section of the public the announcement that the fifteenth National Cat Show has just been held at the Crystal Palace will not be of very deep interest. It is, however, one which, to a very large and happy minority, will be full of meaning and convey a feeling of great joy and thankfulness, which will be increased by learning that the entries have reached the high number of 333; the reason of this feeling being that all persons who are privileged by being honoured by the friendship and confidence of cats know that it is by means of the institution of cat shows that the welfare and happiness of these delightful beasts has been so much improved of late years. Every such person is prepared to do loyal and knightly service to Lady Dorothy Neville, whose influence has had so much to do with the institution of cat shows, and who works so hard both on committees and, as in the present instance, as a judge, to ensure their success. It may be asked why cat shows should do good to cats as a class. The answer is not far to seek. The English people as a nation only care for domestic animals and take pains about them either when they are useful in sport or when they become the subject of "fancy." Thus dogs, which will either assist in shooting, or hunt foxes or hares, or kill rats against time, or fight other dogs, are valued. They also are a fancy; they are doubly valued. Horses can be made to gallop or trot against other horses; they are valued. Pigeons and rabbits are "fancy"; they are valued; and homing pigeons can be flown in matches. Some cage-birds can be made to compete in singing matches, and are "fancy"; hence all these are valued. It may be noted here as a curious thing, well known and often recorded, that almost all these animals tend to degrade the human beings who have to do with them. Pigeons, it is well known, reduce members of the semi-criminal or rough class to an even lower moral condition than their neighbours and friends, even, nay, especially, pigeons which, not being homing birds, cannot be flown against each other, and therefore do not appear to the outsider well adapted as instruments of gambling. Cats, however, though they kill mice and rats freely, do so at their own time, and cannot be induced to do so in a pit so that bets can be made on them. Though they fight with great courage, and inflict severe wounds upon each other when they have a good ground of quarrel, they absolutely decline to fight about nothing in order to decide bets made by their owners. Thus, as they will do nothing about which regular bets can be made, or on which stakes can be won or lost, and as they do not help men to kill anything at stated times and seasons, it was felt that, except as useful mousetraps and in infancy as playthings for children, they were of no use.

Here now comes in the kindly artfulness of the promoters of cat shows; they are trying to make cats a fancy. The idea is taking, and cat shows are becoming popular. Now, a cat is only fit to show with a chance of gaining a prize when it is in good condition; and no cat ever is in good condition unless it is well cared for. By which we do not only mean that it has plenty to eat and drink and is not actually ill-treated—a cat to be in good bodily health must be loved. Indeed, love is the keynote of cat management. It is only to those who love cats that they will show their cleverness and their vast capacity of affection. Many intelligent people, great lovers of animals generally, pass through life and never know a single cat—indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that they have never seen a cat, in the highest and best sense of the word. They tell you that they have always kept cats,

that they now have two or three; they go on to say that cats are so graceful but so treacherous, have only cupboard-love, and never attach themselves to people but only to places. Any real student of cats knows the dreary old refrain of misconceptions, handed down as a tradition from generation to generation. When this legend is recited the cat student feels pity. Here is a sane, kindly being who repeats an old tradition in a stereotyped form of words, and actually believes in it, and shuts himself out from the joys of friendship with cats. It is almost to be suspected that these strange legends, when believed in, are recorded in some physical manner on the believer, for no cat will show itself to such a man, and even in the direst distress no cat will ask a service of him. What man to whom cats have revealed themselves cannot recall some such experience as this? He has seen a long way off a cat sitting on a door-step in a crowded street. The cat has either sat still or shrunk away as other people passed it; but when he has come near the cat has asked him to ring the bell, so that it might be let in. Why is this? Because the other people were all believers in the anti-cat legends, and the cat knew it. Let us here deny the articles of this gross heresy. Cats are not treacherous. No one can bring a fact to prove it, except that some cat seemed quite amiable, and was playing, when it suddenly scratched. If you play with a young cat, or a cat unaccustomed to human society, when it is excited it puts out its claws, and you probably will be scratched, but by accident; any cat will learn in a few weeks to play with its claws in, if it is properly treated. Their love is not cupboard-love; not being fools, they naturally show civility and kindness to those who feed them, as all other animals, except perhaps bad men, always do. They like to have bits given them at meal times, partly from a feeling of sociability, and partly because the giving is of the nature of a caress. Cats have strong affections for individual persons, when so treated as to really display their true natures. Cats not so treated have not these feelings, and therefore return to the place where they have always lived, because they are methodical in their habits, and do not like to have them changed; but affection for a particular person overcomes this, and enables a cat to be happy and contented wherever its friend may be. Another charge often brought against cats is that when they are nice they are equally friendly with everybody. This mistake arises from want of observation. A well-trained well-cared-for cat is always a model of good breeding, and in general society would no more think of showing a preference for any one or neglecting any one than a well-bred young lady would think of neglecting a casual visitor because her mother and her lover were in the room; but the real chosen friend of that cat will tell you of countless tender delicate ways by which the cat shows its preference, and that friend may be, and often is, one who never feeds the cat even with bits at meal times. The immortal Jim Baker of Blue Jay fame has explained that unexcited cats talk good grammar, but even that great observer seems to have overlooked the fact that a cat can talk and say more to a sympathetic human listener than any known animal. A cat understands a human being (if of the right sort) as well as a dog, and for reply has at its disposal all or more than a dog's power of pantomimic action, and also a very large vocabulary of spoken words, many of which can be easily learned in a few days by any intelligent student.

To get back, however, from cats to cat shows, there was one difficulty in the way of establishing a "fancy" in cats. It was all very well to establish classes and "points" by which cats could be judged; but, in order to induce people to take up cat fancying in earnest, it was necessary to teach them how to breed cats. This was at first thought to be impossible; but now it is not uncommon to see the sire's name, as well as the dam's, against a cat's number in the catalogue; and happily it has been found that the best remedy against *mésalliances* is love and kindness, which checks the roving propensity of cats, and allows of their being suitably matched. There are now several books of real value on the breeding and treatment of cats, both as friends and for the show-bench. One excellent little handbook is *The Domestic Cat*, which only costs a shilling, and gives a good deal of sound and trustworthy information; and, being written by a navy surgeon, it may be trusted on all points of medical treatment.

The good manners of cats make a cat show a very pretty sight, although a cage is not the best place to see a cat. It is curious how, by their dignified behaviour, they triumph over their surroundings. Their high sense of good breeding teaches them that an artificial manner, or any stiffness or constraint, is bad form; and nothing can be more fascinating than the rapturous greetings between the cats and their friends. Above all, there is no noise at a cat show. This time at the Crystal Palace there have been some very fine animals exhibited, and the charming class which offers a prize for "the best two kittens" was well represented, as well as that for working-men's cats, amongst which were some of the finest and best-cared-for in the whole show. One exhibit will be of great interest to naturalists—two kittens born in captivity of the Norwegian wild cat. These pretty little beasts are as tame and sedate as any ordinary domestic cat, and are quite unlike the wild cat of the British Islands. Their fur is long and soft like that of the Angora cats, and in colour is a blueish slate colour. The head is short and rounded, like the Angora. Their exhibitors declare that they are pure bred. There also was a specimen of the Siamese cat, beside which was one which to the lay eye appeared of precisely the same breed, but which the judges declared to be wrongly classed. Siamese cats are not pretty, but very curious,

as showing another distinct type of domestic cat to complicate the unsolvable problem of the origin of this species, if species it be. We regret to have to record that a very large number of the cats were suffering from inflamed eyes. Every care is taken of the cats at the show, so this ailment is not likely to be due to any carelessness or ill treatment after their arrival at the Crystal Palace, but is probably due to a curious epidemic of ophthalmia or sore eyes which has been raging amongst the cats of London and the suburbs; and we may here observe for the benefit of cat owners that bathing the affected eye with warm milk and water is a very good remedy for the disorder. We noticed meat in some of the cages, and we believe that the best authorities prefer to limit cats to milk and Spratt's cat food whilst they are at a show; but, no doubt, if there is anything wrong, the judges—Lady Dorothy Neville, Mr. Harrison Weir, and Mr. Jenner Weir—will point it out and have it remedied.

There is one excellent regulation which is, we believe, in force not only at the Crystal Palace, but at most cat shows, by which cats can go home at night with their friends, and return to the show the next morning. In conclusion, we can only say that this cat show has been a success, and we hope that more and more will be given; and, further, wish that at every one the fact should be freely advertised that the home for dogs has now a boarding-house for cats, where for a small fixed payment they can be taken in and cared for when their owners are away from home.

THE THEATRES OF NEW YORK.

AS good an instance as any of the extraordinarily cosmopolitan nature of the drama in America may be found in the fact that the Star Theatre in New York, where Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum company are to make their first appearance in the United States within the next ten days, has been known for two years as the Germania Theater, having been occupied by one of the two German companies which New York has enjoyed of late. Unfortunately for those who care to see really fine German acting, the competition has been too keen, and New York will, for the present, have to content itself with the surviving company at the Thalia Theater. The resident German population of New York has been large enough to support a permanent company for now nearly twenty years, and a constant succession of the best German actors and actresses has appeared before American audiences. The attempt to establish a resident French company, although often repeated, has never been successful; the handsome theatre in Fourteenth Street, opened sixteen or seventeen years ago as the Théâtre Français, was not a paying speculation even when occupied by the admirable opéra-bouffe company managed by the late Mr. Bateman. It was afterwards ruinously rebuilt by Fechter, and it has now altogether lost its original character and is known as the Fourteenth Street Theatre. But there is rarely a year in which a good French company, for the performance of opéra-bouffe and of vaudeville, does not travel through the United States, paying one or two long visits to New York. Besides this strolling French troop and the fixed German company, New York is this season to give further proof of its cosmopolitan character by setting up two houses for the performance of that international hybrid known as Italian opera. Justice requires us to add that a Chinese theatre has also been suggested.

The theatres of New York in which the English language is spoken may be divided into two classes, those containing a stock company, and those given over to "combinations." As we explained a fortnight ago, although there are theatres everywhere in the United States, even in the smallest and newest towns—indeed in a young Western city the first building of importance after the hotel is the opera-house or "Academy of Music"—yet there are very few permanent companies, and the other theatres are served by wandering "combinations" formed in New York either to present a special play, or to support a special star. The combinations are often both well chosen and well drilled; and it is not unusual for them to play long engagements at one or more theatres in New York before setting out upon their travels. In London there are often two or three theatres untenanted and to be had for the asking. In New York there is not a single vacant theatre; but there are ten or more in which no company is engaged, and which can be used by travelling combinations "playing on shares" with the manager. Of these the Star Theatre, where the Lyceum company is about to appear, is perhaps the best. Opened twenty years ago as Wallack's Theatre, it was given over to the German company when Mr. Wallack moved his name and his traditions to a new house in a more fashionable quarter. It is an admirably proportioned theatre, a little larger than the Lyceum, and so happily contrived that it does not seem too big for comedy or too small for tragedy and drama. Mr. Lawrence Barrett and his company are now acting there the vigorous and poetic play *Francesca da Rimini*, which they will present at the Lyceum here at Easter. After Mr. Irving, it is believed that Mr. Booth and Mr. McCullough with their companies will appear in turn. It is a pity that Booth's Theatre, the noble house which was erected by Mr. Booth, and in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Signor Salvini appeared, should have been torn down last summer, as it would have been the most appropriate theatre for Mr. Irving.

Among the other theatres at which the performances are provided by strolling "combinations" are Niblo's Garden—the name having survived the garden for thirty years—the Fourteenth

Street, the Twenty-third Street, the Third Avenue, the Windsor, and the Standard Theatres, and the Grand Opera House, an ample and magnificent structure, intended for grand opera, but so unfortunately situated that it had to be turned to baser uses. Most of these houses charge lower prices than the regular theatres. As there are fewer inequalities of position and fortune in American life, so there is greater uniformity in the accommodation offered at an American theatre. There are neither stalls, nor pit, nor boxes, except in the proscenium. As a rule, the entire ground floor is filled with "orchestra chairs," sold at one price; and the same price is asked for the first two rows of chairs in the balcony. There are generally only two balconies, the upper of which contains the cheapest seats in the house. The regular price for an orchestra chair is a dollar and a half in the best New York Theatres; at the opera and to see special attractions, such as Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Signor Salvini, and Mr. Irving, the price is raised or even doubled. The balcony seats are sold generally for a dollar or seventy-five cents, and the gallery for fifty cents. These are the prices which obtain in the regular theatres having each its own permanent company and its assured clients. At the "combination" houses, excepting the Star and the Standard, admission to any part of the house is fifty cents, seats specially reserved being sold for a dollar. It has been found possible to take a play on the conclusion of its run at one of the regular theatres of New York and to present it in succession at two or three of the lower-priced houses in the less central sections of the town before sending it on its travels through the country. It seems that Niblo's Garden in the lower part of the city, the Grand Opera House in the West, and the Windsor and Third Avenue Theatres in the East, have each local customers enough to make a circuit possible in the single city of New York.

Of the theatres having their own companies, and living a life of their own, Wallack's is the longest established, and was for many years the foremost. It was founded by the James Wallack who was famous as the original Massaroni in *The Brigand*, and who was known as "Handsome Wallack." For twenty years or more, even after the management of the theatre had passed into the hands of Mr. Lester Wallack, the son of the founder, Wallack's was the model theatre of the United States. It had the strongest company, which it held together year after year; and it kept up the very best traditions of the British stage. Nowhere else, for example, were those lively antiquities, the Old Comedies, performed as often or as well as at Wallack's. Unfortunately the theatre has sadly fallen away of late; it has gone back while theatrical art has gone forward both in England and in America. One cause of the decadence of Wallack's was undoubtedly its loyalty to England. Mr. Wallack took no note of the strong national feeling which swept over the United States after the close of the Rebellion. His ideal was narrow enough to be called provincial, if colonial were not a more appropriate word. He relies wholly on plays imported from England, changing from *Youth* to *The Parvenu* and from *The Silver King* to *Impulse*. The result of this colonial policy has been that Wallack's has seen few genuine successes in the past half-dozen years. It seems that tastes differ, and the American playgoer does not always say ditto to the English playgoer—indeed he often quashes the English verdict. Only occasionally is a great London success a great success in New York. For example, no one of Mr. H. J. Byron's many plays has ever had a long run in New York—not even *Our Boys*, although it greatly pleased both the Bostonians and the Philadelphians.

It must not be supposed that the frequent failure of English plays in the United States is due to any dislike or prejudice. On the contrary, there is no public less biassed and more cosmopolitan than that which fills the New York theatres, and which is prompt to welcome effective dramatic work, whether English or American, French or German. It is sufficiently cosmopolitan to accept a foreign play as it stands, without any attempt to twist its story into sham accordance with American conditions. In London Mr. Bronson Howard's amusing farcical comedy *Saratoga* had to be transformed into a more comprehensible *Brighton*; and M. Victorien Sardou's *Odette* sins and suffers amid impossible English surroundings. In New York the English dramas of Mr. Sims and the English comedies of Mr. Merivale are not "adapted" in any way; and the French plays of M. Sardou and M. Dumas are presented in a condensed translation, without any attempt to alter the atmosphere of the story—just as *Fédora* has been presented at the Haymarket. It is needless to argue in favour of the advantages of this plan of procedure, both to the foreign author and the American audience. The credit of the change is due in great measure to Mr. Augustin Daly, who began, now fifteen years ago, to produce foreign plays in New York without waiting for their performance in London. He was immediately followed by Mr. A. M. Palmer at the Union Square Theatre, which has now for more than ten years relied primarily on close translations of French plays, supplemented by an occasional American drama. Now and again it has presented an English play; but its memorable productions are the *Tentation* and the *Roman Parisien* of M. Feuillet; *The Two Orphans* of M. Dennery; *The Banker's Daughter* of Mr. Bronson Howard (known here as *The Old Love and the New*); *My Partner* of Mr. Bartley Campbell; the *Andréa* and *Daniel Rochat* of M. Sardou; the *Miss Multon* of MM. Bédot and Nus; and the *Danichef*. Mr. Daly, having moved to a new theatre, has taken to the lighter and brighter farcical comedies of Herr Moser and his German rivals. It is owing to Mr. Daly that the modern German stage has been far more freely

drawn upon in America than in England; and this reminds us that it was Mr. Daly who a score of years ago adapted *Leah* for Miss Bateman from Mosenthal's *Deborah*. Owing to this wider acquaintance with the contemporary German drama, the Teutonic origin of plays like *The Guv'nor* and *Confusion* is more promptly recognized. The Fifth Avenue Theatre, which Mr. Daly built, is now managed by Mr. John Stetson, who has engaged a company of remarkable strength, headed by Mr. Charles Coghlan, Miss Gerard, and Mrs. (Agnes) Booth, the most polished and spirited actress of high comedy in America.

We have left to the last the two most characteristic of the New York theatres. The Madison Square Theatre is one of the most beautiful little playhouses in the world. It is the only theatre having a "double stage"—that is to say, two stages, one over the other, arranged so that they can be raised or lowered in a few seconds, and thus permitting the most elaborate scenic devices without any delay between the acts. The theatre is perfectly ventilated, fresh air—which in summer is iced—being pumped into it steadily. *Esmeralda*, the comedy by Mrs. Burnett, the novelist, which is to be produced to-night at the St. James's as *Young Folks' Ways*, was acted at the Madison Square for nearly four hundred nights, with Mrs. Booth in the character to be assumed by Mrs. Kendal. It was for the Madison Square that Mr. Henry James wrote his ill-fated comedy *Daisy Miller*. It was at the Madison Square that Mr. Bronson Howard produced his simple and pathetic play *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, a translation of which Herr Ludwig Barnay is about to act throughout Germany. It will be seen that the Madison Square relies exclusively on American dramatists, and so far at least its faith has been justified by success. Equally American is the misnamed Theatre Comique, managed by Messrs. Harrigan and Hart, and devoted wholly to the reproduction of scenes of New York life, in which most amusing types of local characters appear and reappear in plays of flimsy dramatic texture, but abounding in humour and good-natured fun. It was here that the New Yorkers were delighted by the series of plays in which were set forth the adventures and misadventures of *The Mulligan Guards*. In its use of fixed types of nationality—the Americanized Irishman, the negro, the German immigrant, and the Chinaman—the drama of the Theatre Comique recalls the early Italian *commedia dell'arte*. And like these it abounds with local hits and sharp thrusts at contemporary affairs. It was Mr. Mulligan who declared that "the Fenians have a hundred thousand men in Ireland under arms now," and who answered the pertinent question as to why they did not therefore rise and free the country with the indisputable declaration, "Ah, but the police won't let 'em."

ANGLO-ISRAELISM.

IT might be supposed, and we must confess that we had long been of that opinion ourselves, that the Anglo-Israelite craze is too absurd to require or even admit of serious refutation. The notion that Englishmen, who bear no sort of resemblance either in their physiognomy or in their mental or moral conformation to the very marked national type of Jewish character and physique, are the descendants of the Lost Tribes must to ordinary apprehension appear not so much to refute itself as to be scarcely intelligible, still less credible, to any but the denizens of Colney Hatch. And we still think that it would be waste of time to enter on an elaborate exposure of a theory not only destitute of any shadow of plausible support, but of which one of its most amusing critics—who writes under the sobriquet of "Octogenarius Evangelicus"—very justly observes that "amongst the many reasons for not accepting it, perhaps the most constantly recurring and irresistible are its so-called proofs." But without endorsing Carlyle's uncomplimentary estimate of our countrymen as "mostly fools," we are constrained to acknowledge that there does seem to be a surprisingly considerable fraction of them to whom this particular form of folly has commended itself, even including one Bishop, "the Right Rev. Bishop Titcombe," a prelate whose name is only known to us as the author or editor of *The Anglo-Israel Post-bag*, and a retired Indian judge who edits a weekly newspaper called the *Banner of Israel*. The publications of the sect are reported to have an immense circulation; one of them, entitled the *Forty-seven Identifications*—to be mentioned again presently—had reached its 120th thousand three years ago; and another, modestly claiming to emit *Flashes of Light*, its forty-sixth thousand. Besides two weekly newspapers, the *Banner of Israel* and *British Israel and Judah's Prophetic Messenger*, there is a monthly magazine already swollen into several volumes. And what makes this strange delusion in one sense more serious is that its advocates are not content to urge it on public attention simply as an interesting hypothesis, but insist on its acceptance as a quasi-religion, and indeed the most important of all religious truths, at least for Englishmen. In the words of the Rev. F. R. A. Glover, late chaplain to the Consulate at Cologne:—

If England be the possessor and rightful owner, as the inheritor of this pillar of witness of Jacob, she is bound to be to the nations the faithful witness thereto, and so show to all the use that she makes of it, and what it is to her, viz. the chief corner-stone of her empire of this world; the foundation and cause of her greatness and glory; and why she is and has been above all the nations that are or ever have been upon the earth, blessed by the favour of God . . . by all the favour of God to His servants Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; . . . by all the favour of God towards the sceptre of Judah and the indestructible throne of David; . . . by all the favour of

God, as being the reality and representative of "the saved house of Judah"; recovered "not by the bow, nor the sword, nor by battle, nor by horses, nor by horsemen"; "not by might nor power," nor the arm of flesh, but by a *Stone, a Woman, a Flag, and a Prophet*, to notify the will, and to do the work of the Lord.

The theory in short is aggressive and claims to occupy the ground of religion, and we quite agree with its critic in the current and in a former number of the *Church Quarterly*—to whom we are largely indebted for information about it—that on that ground it may fairly be looked upon as a "moral miasm" rather than as merely a bad joke. It is certainly not a movement which bishops and clergymen can safely afford to coquet with. It may not therefore be out of place to glance briefly at its grotesque hollowness, whether regarded from an historical, a religious, or from any other point of view.

It starts from the more than gratuitous assumption that the Ten Tribes of Israel, who are identical with the English people, are a chosen and sacred race to the exclusion of the other two, who have, for some unexplained reason, been condemned to the loss of all their privileges as children of Abraham, and thence it follows that the Israelite has a special claim on the Divine favour by the mere fact of his descent. One might have inferred from the Old Testament narrative that the distinction was just the other way, and that the Divine favour was rather promised to the Two Tribes which remained faithful to the house of David than to those who followed "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin" in revolting from it. But the ingenious author of the *House of Joseph in England*, who styles himself "a Watcher," denies that "there was any revolt properly so called" at all. We are further told, in *Identification the Second*, that the whole of the Ten Tribes went into exile, but, unlike Judah and Benjamin, none of them returned. It is on the contrary almost certain, though we have no space to enter on the argument here, that the returning exiles were not exclusively from the Tribe of Judah, but that the Ten Tribes took part in the restoration to their country. But still more amazing on every ground, philosophical or historical, is the next step in the argument, which postulates that the Ten Tribes who remained in Chaldaea and Assyria, after completely losing their religious and national traditions and even their Semitic cast of countenance, and becoming merged in the surrounding mass of Aryan idolaters, shortly afterwards reappeared—within less than a century—as the *Sace* or Saxons, retaining all the while their pure Jewish blood. This is little short of a contradiction in terms. The single stock merged in a common religious and national union with the larger body around it must have inevitably lost its distinction of blood no less than its distinction of faith. And we know in fact how tenaciously the Jews have retained to this day their separate nationality by refusing all intermarriage or intermixture of religious and social life with the various nations among which they have been dispersed. There appears indeed of late to be a change taking place in this respect, but we may be very sure that, in proportion as their distinctive faith melts into a kind of vague theism and they cease to hold aloof from social and matrimonial commerce with their fellow-citizens of other races and creeds, their separate nationality will gradually disappear. While however there is good reason to believe that a considerable portion, perhaps about a fourth, of those who returned home under Ezra belonged to the Ten Tribes, and that a large number of them had taken refuge in the kingdom of Judah and had not gone into exile at all, it is certain that those who remained behind in Assyria did not undergo any rapid process of absorption, but constituted for a long period a distinct and well-defined community, spread throughout the East and retaining their own religion. They "were scattered," as Dr. Maclear puts it, "among the nations, carrying with them, wherever they went, their Law and their Institutions."

And now let us pass on to a later phase of this wonderful history. "It is an undeniable historical fact," we learn in the *Identifications*, "that about B.C. 580, the very time of the Babylonian Captivity [which however commenced in 597], a princess from the East did arrive in the north of Ireland. Her name was Tephi, purely a Hebrew word, a proof in itself that she must have had Eastern extraction; and she was accompanied by a guardian known as the Ollam Fola, another Hebrew word, showing Eastern origin, which means a revealer, and is the same as a prophet. This prophet was accompanied by one Brug, no doubt Baruch, because Jeremiah and Baruch were undoubtedly together from this time." And then we are informed that the Irish village of Tara was so named from the Hebrew word *Thora* used for the Law of Moses, with other and equally felicitous philological "identifications." But the most remarkable, and to the Anglo-Israelite mind most conclusive, part of the tale of Jeremiah and Baruch yet remains to be told. We will first epitomize the prose version of *Identification* No. 25, and then give as much as we can find room for of the poetical version and comment of "Octogenarius" in his *Gospel of Anglo-Israelism*. Our readers have no doubt heard of the Coronation Stone preserved in Westminster Abbey, which was brought from Ireland in the ninth century to Scotland by Kenneth II. and kept at Scone, whence it was removed to England. But they have probably not heard what the Anglo-Israelites have to tell them of its earlier history. "It is impossible to suppose that Jacob's stone can be actually lost," and accordingly this is it. After being laid up for centuries in the Temple of Solomon it was carried after the Captivity to Ireland by the prophet Jeremiah, but it had some difficulty in getting there. The ship carrying the prophet and the stone was wrecked

on the Spanish coast, and "the King of Spain"—it matters nothing of course that there was no such potentate in those days—"hearing it was a ship of goodly store," seized the stone, but was not able to retain his ill-gotten gear. "When the ship was properly caulked, two men, Jeremiah and Baruch, regained the stone, made off with it"—presumably in their pockets—"and escaped" to Ireland, where it immediately became the *lia phail*, on which Irish kings were crowned. The stone thus easily "made off" with, it need scarcely be observed, weighs several tons. And now for the Song of the Stone in the *Gospel of Anglo-Israel* :—

Yes; we're Jacob's own flesh, blood, and bone;

For to us has come down Jacob's stone.

Our lot was wrapped up with his own,

When he pillowed his head on that stone.

And, of glories the crown and the cone,

In this heirdom of Jacob's old stone.

Though to wander all others are prone,

We'll hold fast by old Jacob's old stone.

And, may this for all errors condone,

That we've got, and will keep Jacob's stone!

CHORUS.

So, let who will make murmur, and moan :

The whole earth with our seed shall be sown;

For, from frigid to temperate zone,

The wide world is, all over, our own,

Since we've got, and will keep Jacob's stone.

Then, hurrah for old Jacob's old stone!

The wide world is, all over, our own,

Since we've got, and will keep Jacob's stone.

BYSTANDER'S SOLILOQUY.

Bold song! boldly sung; I must own.

But: though I'm no croaky old Croue,

I yet can't quite swallow a stone.

We all know, very well, that at Scone,

Scotland's Jamies were crowned on a stone.

And that, when England's rose was full blown,

Our first Edward returned with that stone.

But, How has it ever been known

That that stone was, in truth, Jacob's stone?

Nay, where, in THE BOOK, is it shewn

That old Jacob himself kept that stone?

From Luz he went forth all alone;

"Crossed this Jordan with staff"—but no stone.

To Luz he came back, not alone;

Wives, children, and stuff—but no stone.

There, and elsewhere, God's goodness to own,

He raised pillars of "stones"—not the stone.

Go we on? step by step 'tis all one:

Goshen rest; Joseph's will; Israel's groan;

Desert march; travelling ark—Where's the stone?

Another notable proof of the theory is that the seed of Abraham was "to possess the gate of his enemies," and "it is fulfilled in the fact that England does possess the gate of her enemies in all the strongest points of the earth," the fact that other nations also have possessed and do possess the entrances to the territory of their enemies being quietly ignored. But the next argument is a masterpiece of grotesque inconsequence :—

Again, why does he not point out the fallacy, if there is one, in the assertion that the Irish of this day are the only known descendants of those Canaanites (Phœnicians) of whom it was predicted that if the Children of Israel would not drive out those inhabitants of the land from before them "then it shall come to pass that those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes, and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell"? If the Irish are the only Canaanites extant, and are pricks in the eyes and thorns in the sides of those in whose land they now dwell, it is clear that, if God spoke truth, those people are Israel, and the land that which He has chosen for their hiding-place.

As though, replies the reviewer, there were not plenty of Canaanites in the world on this principle, such as the Poles to Russia, the Alsations to Germany, and the Arabs to France. There is an exquisite naïveté about the question, as it is presented by one of the apostles of Anglo-Israelism, "Why should the English not be God's chosen, hidden people?" It might be enough to reply that even if our progenitors had been Israelites of the purest blood at the period when the Anglo-Israelite version of history leaves them, some sixteen or seventeen centuries ago, the multitudinous crossings the race has since undergone would have completely altered the strain. As the Laureate has it—

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we.

But a more direct reply may be given, as the *Church Quarterly Reviewer* points out. The English "cannot be Israelites, because they are somebody else." Of the two main stocks of the race inhabiting Great Britain and Ireland, the Cymric and the Anglian or Teutonic, neither can be plausibly identified with the Lost Tribes. The existence of the Cimmeric and Scythians can be traced back far beyond the time of the Captivity. And "from the German and Gothic nations," as Sharon Turner observes, "who formed with the Scythians the second great flow of population into Europe, our Anglo-Saxon and Norman ancestors proceeded." And as the Scythian Sakai or Sace were known in Central Asia long before the Captivity of the Ten Tribes, they cannot be descended from them. Of the passage of the Scythians from Central Asia into Europe there are abundant traces, but none of the passage of any Israelites. To cite Dr. Bonar's comment :—

The two tribes in their dispersion over wide Europe, carried their worship, their language, their manners into every European city, and synagogues exist to this day which were set up centuries before Christ, and every European Jew can tell his pedigree, and lives apart from the Gentiles around; yet, if the Anglo-Israelite theory be true, the Ten Tribes poured in upon Great Britain, and settled themselves there, drove back the aborigines,

but left their religion, their books, their priesthood, their language, their names behind them, like cast-off clothes, in order to prevent themselves from being identified, as if ashamed of their ancestry. It must have been with Israelites that Julius Cæsar fought, their queen Boadicea, not a Hebrew name, and their general Caractacus, not a Hebrew name either; these Israelites must have set up the Druid religion in the island, and to them we must owe Stonehenge and similar relics of antiquity.

And now perhaps our readers will think that we have already wasted too many words on this wild and impossible hallucination. They will at all events be ready to agree with the criticism on it already quoted, that among the strongest grounds for rejecting the theory are its alleged proofs. But the example of Mormonism would alone suffice to show how mischievous may be the results of a delusion however wild and impossible which has managed to get itself accepted by considerable numbers as religious truth. Luther once observed of the study of theology, *neglectum sui ulciscitur*. And the remark holds good in a more general sense of religious, historical, and other kinds of truth. A very moderate attention to the elementary laws of historical evidence would have saved the devotees of Anglo-Israelism from making themselves ridiculous, and—what is worse—from doing what in them lies to degrade sacred names and associations to the level of an ill-constructed romance.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE Clearwell Stakes, which was the principal event of the first day of the Second October Meeting, has been won by many excellent horses. Winners of this race have often distinguished themselves very greatly as three-year-olds, and more than one of them has won a Derby, which cannot be said of the winners of the great Middle Park Plate itself. The late race for the Clearwell Stakes was chiefly interesting because Lord Falmouth's Harvester was to be among the starters. Since his clever victory at the First October Meeting this colt had been ranked among the first-class two-year-olds of his year. Even in July he had been highly estimated, as he had then run within half a length of Superba, when receiving 4 lbs. from her; but he had afterwards run very badly in two races at Goodwood. Only four horses were now to oppose him, and he was soon installed a strong favourite. Wild Thyme became a good second favourite, although she had a trifle the worst of the weights, for she is a very smart filly, and had won large sums in stakes; but her relative form with Superba had scarcely been so good as that of Harvester. She had beaten Condor, who was the third favourite, by half a length for third place in the Doncaster Champagne Stakes, but now she was to meet him on 9 lbs. worse terms. Borneo had won a race at Pontefract, but his other performances had been very indifferent. This colt made the running on the right, while Harvester and Condor followed in the middle of the course, with Wild Thyme on the left. They all ran without changing their positions as far as the rails, when Borneo was challenged by both Condor and Harvester. A very grand race followed, and Harvester got up in the last few strides and won by a head. Condor beat Borneo by exactly the same distance.

The Cesarewitch, which we described last week, put all the rest of the racing of the second day into the shade, but the fields were large in most of the races. There were, however, only two starters for the Royal Stakes, one of which was the winner of the St. Leger. The other was Grandmaster, who had beaten Ossian in the Craven Stakes in April. Subsequent running made any repetition of this victory very improbable; but Ossian had done a good deal of work lately, and he was to give Grandmaster 7 lbs. As much as 4 to 1 was laid on the winner of the St. Leger, who made the whole of the running, but Grandmaster came with a rush from the Abingdon Bottom, and ran within half a length of the favourite. The next day's racing was chiefly interesting on account of the Middle Park Plate. As this is supposed to be the most important two-year-old race of the year, it was disappointing to see only seven horses come out for it. Thirteen had been the smallest field that had ever run for this race before, and as many as thirty horses had started for it a few years ago. The stakes, too, had dwindled down terribly. The first year it was run for, the Middle Park Plate had been worth 4,840*l.*, but now its value was only 2,575*l.* In the former case there had been 186 subscribers, and now there had only been 117. From one cause or another the winners of the Middle Park Plate have seldom been very successful as three-year-olds. There have been seventeen of them, but, with three or four exceptions, none of them have won many very important races after their victories in the Middle Park Plate. Although the field was very small last week, it was not at all deficient in quality. Superba, the first favourite, had had a most successful career. She had won seven races and between six and seven thousand pounds' worth of stakes; and since her first race, early in May, she had not been beaten. She was now to carry extra weight, but 7 lbs. did not seem enough to prevent her from winning. Some people thought her looking a little lighter than she did when she ran at Doncaster, but still she looked well, and appeared to be full of life. There was, however, a very strong second favourite, who was also a filly. This was Lord Falmouth's Busybody, who had only run once in public, when she won the Rous Memorial Stakes at the First October Meeting. Royal Fern, the third favourite, had also only run in public on one occasion, and then he had won a valuable race at York, which now obliged him to carry

4 lbs. extra. Although third favourite, 10 to 1 was laid against him, and some critics did not think he showed substance enough to be classed in the first rank. Sir J. Willoughby's filly by Hermit out of Adelaide had been beaten twice ignominiously, but in the July Stakes she had won back nearly half the 3,000 guineas that had been given for her as a yearling. She had 7 lbs. extra to carry, and the general opinion was so strongly against her chance of winning under this extra weight, that 20 to 1 was laid against her. The start was but a moderate one, and Royal Fern jumped away with the lead the moment the flag fell. Busybody was not very far behind him, and the Adelaide filly also held a forward position in the early part of the race. On the crest of the Bushes Hill, Superba, who had had a bad start, looked as if she were coming to the front; but on the descent she began to fail. In the Dip the Adelaide filly was also beaten. Royal Fern was still leading, but Archer was fighting hard against him with Busybody, who struggled very gamely, got up to him on the hill, and won at last by half a length. The Ditch Mile Nursery was won by Edison, whom the Duke of Hamilton had purchased for 1,500*l.* just before the race. The Duke of Westminster's Garb Or, of whom great things were expected, and on whom odds were laid, disgraced himself sadly, when within a hundred yards of the winning-post, by swerving half round and coming in last.

The valuable Champion Stakes, which was run for on the Thursday, brought together some good horses of different ages. One of these was Tristan, who is generally considered the best horse in training, over any distance, provided he is in a good humour; there were also two St. Leger winners—Dutch Oven and Ossian—and the other starters were Faugh-a-Ballagh, Export, and Regain. Tristan was the first favourite, but he was scarcely more fancied than Ossian. Dutch Oven was a very good third favourite; but 20 to 1 was laid against each of the others. The course was across the flat, about a mile and a quarter; and for nearly a mile Export made the running at such a pace that Dutch Oven was exhausted as they came down the Bushes Hill. This poor performance of Dutch Oven's showed that Quicklime's public trial at the First October Meeting, in the Produce Stakes, was not such a high one as had been supposed. But to return to the Champion Stakes. Export also had had enough of it at the point of the race just referred to; but he had only been making the running for his stable companion, Ossian, who now took the lead. As they came out of the Dip, Tristan was in close pursuit, and when they were ascending the hill Watts lifted his whip to rouse up Ossian, who swerved, and allowed Tristan to pass him and win by a length. Tristan has now won more than 19,000*l.* in stakes. He looks better than ever, and all the hard work he has undergone seems to have done him more good than harm. Ossian is another sound, hard-working horse. He is probably below the average of St. Leger winners in quality, but he surpasses many of them in soundness and capability for work, and he has run in no less than fourteen races this season. The Champion Stakes has only been in existence seven years, but it has been won by horses of a very high class, and thus far it has fairly deserved its name. Sweetbread, Ishmael, and Lowland Chief came out for the Queen's Plate. They were all carrying 9 st., and they were fancied in the above order. After Sweetbread's running in the Cesarewitch it was doubted whether he could stay the two miles and more of the Queen's Plate course; but, fortunately for him, the running was made by Ishmael at a very slow pace, and Archer waited with Sweetbread as far as the Turn of the Lands, when he went up to Ishmael, and won the race without any effort by a neck. At the sale of blood stock on the same day there was a curious instance of the vicissitudes of horseflesh. Hampton Court, who had cost 1,850 guineas last season as a yearling, was now sold for 35 guineas to Mr. Sanger for his circus.

Old-fashioned people were gratified by a race for the Whip on the Friday morning. There had not been a contest for this antiquated trophy for more than twenty years. The Duke of Beaufort was the holder of the Whip, and the Duke of Hamilton challenged him with City Arab, a challenge which he accepted with Faugh-a-Ballagh. The latter had run well in the Cesarewitch, and being a noted stayer, he was made a strong favourite. The Beacon course, over which the race for the Whip is run, is so seldom used that some people may almost have forgotten its shape. After the start, the course is almost straight for nearly a couple of miles, when the gap in the old embankment is reached. After going through this, it turns sharply to the right, when it is again straight for more than a mile and a quarter. This is the piece of course over which the Two Thousand, the Middle Park Plate, and many of the principal races are run at Newmarket. At the end of this piece of course, after passing the Grand Stand and the Birdcage, there is a sharp turn to the left known as the Turn of the Lands, and then there is a third straight piece of course more than three-quarters of a mile long leading up to the winning-post. The finish is the same as that of the Cambridgeshire course. Faugh-a-Ballagh fairly galloped down City Arab over the long four miles, and won by a number of lengths. He made the running from the start, but as they came over the third mile—that is to say, the mile after leaving the gap—City Arab was keeping much too near Faugh-a-Ballagh for the comfort of those who had laid 8 to 1 on the latter. When, however, they had passed the Turn of the Lands, City Arab was hopelessly beaten, and he looked thoroughly pumped out at the end of the race. The Newmarket Derby brought out Ladislus, Grandmaster, and Modred, who came in in the above order, which had been exactly foretold by the state of the betting. Ladislus made the running, and held

the lead to the end, winning very easily at last; but soon after passing the Turn of the Lands—the course is the last mile and a half of the Beacon course—Grandmaster almost caught him. Seven two-year-olds came out for the Prendergast Stakes. The good-looking Beauchamp was made first favourite, in spite of his having been unplaced for the only race for which he had previously started. Sandiway, a chestnut filly belonging to the Duke of Westminster, who had won five races and lost but one, was the second favourite, while Talisman, who had been unplaced for the Middle Park, and a colt by Hermit out of Sister to Adelaide, were equally backed as third and fourth favourites. Archer made the running on Lord Falmouth's Woodpecker, who was only supposed to have a 10 to 1 chance, but he was beaten when he reached the rails, and the Sister to Adelaide colt gave way at the same point of the race. Sandiway then took up the running, and Talisman and Beauchamp immediately challenged her. A magnificent race followed between these three, but Sandiway fought on gamely to the finish, and won by a neck. There was only a head between Talisman and Beauchamp. The Sixth Great Challenge Stakes, which was the last race of the meeting, was a very interesting affair. It was believed to be Tristan's last race; but it was doubted whether he would be able to beat Busybody, the winner of the Middle Park Plate. Tristan had been beaten by a two-year-old for this very race last year, and it seemed a pity to run the risk of tarnishing the glory of his victory in the Champion Stakes by running him again. Busybody became fractionally a better favourite, and Despair and Vibration were the only other horses backed among the half-dozen starters. Despair made the running, followed by Tristan, and Busybody came next. Half-way down the Bushes Hill Busybody caught Tristan, and the pair began to press hard upon the heels of Despair as they came into the Dip. Here, however, Tristan was beaten, and the race was left to Despair and Busybody. Coming out of the Abingdon Bottom Despair was still leading; but Fordham rode a splendid race on Busybody, and accurately calculating his distance, caught Despair within fifty yards of the winning-post, got a little the best of him, and won by a neck. Busybody has only run in public three times, but she has won more than 4,000*l.* in stakes. To win the Middle Park Plate and to beat such a horse as Tristan at weight-for-age are performances which some really good horses never surpass in a long career. Much as Busybody is admired, she is generally considered too small, and there are good judges who think that she shows a want of power and that her feet are too small; but, be that as it may, her running thus far has been wonderfully brilliant. In the middle of the season it looked as if Lord Falmouth was not to be so successful as usual with his two-year-olds, but he has now had quite his share of luck, having won between six and seven thousand pounds' worth of stakes with them in less than three weeks. We have often observed that among two-year-olds the fillies generally distinguish themselves rather more than the colts, and this season has proved no exception to the rule.

REVIEWS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.*

SINCE Mr. Trevelyan told the story of his uncle's life there has been published in England no more genuine or more interesting record of a literary career than that unfolded in these volumes. The man who now speaks to us from the grave is the same we knew in life; as simple, as straightforward, as thorough, with as great a scorn of all meanness and insincerity and affectation, with as great a love of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." These volumes, then, besides their own charm and interest, should be of value in clearing the air, in removing a certain sense of discredit which some unwise books have lately helped to attach to the literary character. They are not only good themselves, but, let us hope, will be the cause of good in others. Left by his father with the sole right of discretion, Mr. Henry Trollope, in his short and modest preface, tells us that he found but little for him to do. He has added or altered nothing; what he has suppressed amounts to no more than two printed pages. Perhaps he might have done a little more in the matter of editing. Thackeray, for example, did not spell the name of that "most respectable family" whose memoirs he has written Newcombe, but Newcome. Here and there, notably on p. 177 and on the last page of the book, we have come across a sentence somewhat less "pellucid" than Trollope has told us he always strove to make his sentences, as though a word had been omitted or misread. A few needless repetitions, mostly in the early part of the first volume, might have been avoided. Such trifling errors could be removed with little trouble, and no doubt will be ere a second edition is printed. But, even if they are not, they in no wise lessen the value of a very charming book, which, as sad experience shows us, might easily have fallen into less reverent, if more practised, hands.

Poor Ireland! she has had so much to bear from her own children and from others that it is pleasant to find one man, and that man a Saxon, with a good word for her. Trollope knew

Ireland well. He had lived there for sixteen years, and his work for the Post Office had taken him into almost every part of the island. The scene of some of his earliest stories had been placed there; he went back to it for his last, which he was not to live to finish. From the day on which he set foot in Ireland, he says, all his evils, his poverty, his "unfriendliness," went away from him. "Since that time, who has had a happier life than mine? Looking round upon all those I know, I cannot put my hand upon one." These words were written when he had just passed his sixtieth year. In his diary for October 25th, 1850, Macaulay wrote:—"My birthday. I am fifty. Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that anybody, whom I have seen close, has had a happier." There is something singularly pleasant and wholesome in such confessions from men who have fought the battle of life with their own good heads and hearts alone to help them; who have taken with an equal mind the frowns of Fortune and her smiles; who, in their own times of failure, have never envied their fellows; in their times of success, have never neglected nor despised them; and can thus look back with grateful eyes over the long and toilsome but not distasteful road by which they have travelled to their rest. Macaulay, indeed, had as few of Fortune's buffets as fall to the lot of most men, thanks to his own clear head, stout heart, and undaunted energy; but Trollope, even after he had left the dark and despairing days of his boyhood behind him, must have felt his future very insecure. Forster has told us with what astonishment he first heard from Dickens's lips that the sordid picture of David Copperfield's boyish struggles was in truth drawn from the writer's own experience. The early pages of these volumes have come, we suspect, with the same surprise to most of Trollope's friends. "My boyhood," he says, "was, I think, as unhappy as that of a young gentleman could well be, my misfortunes arising from a mixture of poverty and gentle standing on the part of my father, and from an utter want on my own part of that juvenile manhood which enable some boys to hold up their heads even among the distresses which such a position is sure to produce." An unhappy boyhood, indeed, it was. His schooltime lasted twelve years, passed at Harrow, at a private school at Sunbury, at Winchester, and then again at Harrow, and at all these places he lived the life of an outcast. With an immense craving for friendship, always a very strong feeling with him, he seems never to have succeeded in gaining a single friend through all these years. Ill-fed, ill-dressed, his school bills often unpaid, his pocket-money generally stopped, neglected by his masters, despised and bullied by his fellows, it says much, we think, for the poor boy's manhood that he ever survived the ordeal at all. Even the days he passed at Winchester in the company of his brother Adolphus are remembered chiefly for the Draconian severity of the elder's discipline, imparted daily with the help of a big stick. On one event, and one only, of that terrible time does he seem able to look back with any degree of complacency, and that was when, goaded at last to rebellion, he turned on one of his tormentors, and paid back some of his long debt in a sound thrashing. Yet it is characteristic of the man that even of these little tyrants, and of the older tyrants, too, who made his young life so wretched, he speaks with no bitterness. Some boys at his private school through whose cowardice he bore upon his innocent shoulders the burden of an unknown crime, he does, indeed, permit himself to call "lily-livered curs," and adds, "I remember their names well, and almost wish to write them here"; but he does not write them. He tells us, too, that when he was the junior boy at Harrow, the Head-Master, Dr. Butler, stopping him one day in the street, asked him, "with all the clouds of Jove upon his brow, and all the thunder in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy." Elsewhere he recurs to this terrible scene, and adds that "Dr. Longley [the Head-Master of his second Harrow period] might with equal justice have said the same thing any day—only that Dr. Longley never in his life was able to say an ill-natured word." Yet his only revenge on Dr. Butler is to note, with a touch of humour all his own, that he "only became Dean of Peterborough, but his successor lived to be Archbishop of Canterbury." Nor even did the delights of learning come to cheer this comfortless time. "There were twelve years of tuition," he says, "in which I never knew a lesson." When, in his twentieth year, he presented himself at the Post Office for examination—luckily for him in those days a very informal affair—he was obliged to own that he did not know even his multiplication table; a confession which certainly says little for the system of education pursued at Harrow and Winchester in the days of our fathers.

Even when he got his clerkship in the Post Office he fared at first but little better. He seems to have made more friends among his comrades, but the authorities still viewed him with coldness, and his chief, Colonel Maberly, apparently with something more than coldness. And there were domestic troubles as well—troubles from a money-lender, and others, some of which he made good use of afterwards in his novels, but which must have been very galling at the time. His seven years in the Secretary's Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand were only one degree less bitter than his years at school, and far more dangerous. To be cast adrift in London with no home, no friends, and very little money is dangerous schooling for a young fellow of generous temperament and a strong capacity for enjoyment. Yet he survived this ordeal, too, and in time his chance came. At the beginning of 1841 there had been created in the Post Office a new body of officers, called surveyor's clerks, of whom two were told off for duty in Ireland. One of

* *Anthony Trollope. An Autobiography.* London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

these proved incapable, and Trollope applied for the place. Colonel Mabarly was glad, he says, to be rid of him, and so he got the appointment, with a very bad character from his stern chief into the bargain. Then the cloud began to lift. His income rose at once from 90*l.* to 400*l.*; he worked hard, and his work was appreciated; he paid off his debts, and managed to keep a hunter. Soon after he married; and soon after that he produced his first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. From this time he went steadily onwards and upwards, though it was some time before he dared to regard his pen as any real source of income. His first book was published in 1847, when he was thirty-two years old. "Up to the end of 1857," he writes, "I had received 55*l.* for the hard work of ten years"; and yet those years included *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. After these came *Doctor Thorne*—the plot of which his brother gave him—*The Three Clerks*, *The Bertrams*, and his book on the West Indies, which we are delighted to find him reckoning among the best he ever wrote; it wants, indeed, both the literary and the intellectual charm of such work as *Ethel* and *The Crescent and the Cross*, but it has always seemed to us one of the brightest and most sensible little books of travel ever written. With each fresh work he did better and better. The novel-reading world, he says, did not go mad about any of these stories, but he came to discover that people around him knew that he had written books. The reviewers began to take notice of him; the publishers began to number him among those who might be expected to be successful. But his first real success was with *Framley Parsonage*—the only one of his many novels of which the early chapters were published before the whole had been written—which was begun with the beginning of the *Cornhill Magazine*, then, in January 1860, just starting on its career, amid great expectations, and with the first novelist of his day for editor. After that the clouds never gathered again. Some of his novels were, of course, more successful than others; some could hardly be called successful at all; but, successful or not with his readers, he could always hold his own with the publishers, for after every fall he seemed only to rise again with fresh vigour. He estimates that in twenty years—from 1859, that is, to 1879—he made by his pen close upon 70,000*l.*; the most remunerative of his works being *Can You Forgive Her?* which was worth 3,525*l.* to him; while *Orley Farm*, *The Small House at Allington*, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, *Phineas Finn*, *He Knew He Was Right*, and *The Way We Live Now*, brought him each 3,000*l.* or more. The highest rate of pay he ever received was for *The Claverings*, which the proprietor of the *Cornhill* bought of him by a single cheque for 2,800*l.*; yet "I doubt now," he adds, "whether any one reads *The Claverings*." In addition to his novels, thirty-six in number in the list he himself has drawn up, must be counted his four books of travel in the West Indies, North America, the Australasian Colonies, and South Africa; his *Cæsar* for Blackwood's Series of Ancient Classics for English Readers; and an immense mass of miscellaneous work contributed to the *Cornhill*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* (to which he was one of the earliest contributors), the *St. Paul's Magazine* (which for three years he edited, but could not, he sorrowfully owns, succeed in establishing), and the *Fortnightly Review*. In the supplementary list drawn up by his son appear the titles of nine more works, including *The Fixed Period*, a life of Lord Palmerston, a life of Cicero, a volume of short stories, and his little book on Thackeray, which caused, to his great sorrow, such grievous offence in certain quarters. At the time of his death he left in manuscript a novel called *An Old Man's Love*, and the most part of another, *The Land Leaguers*, both of which are shortly to be published. Well may he claim to have written more than any other living English author.

It is, of course, impossible to read these frank confessions without the thought that, had Trollope been content to write a little less, he might have written a little better. Indeed, he himself was well aware of the popular feeling on the subject, and has a good deal to say about it. He came of a writing stock. His father, a grim and disappointed man, solaced himself, in every hour that his perpetual troubles and his bad health allowed him, with the composition of an interminable book on ecclesiastical history. One of his sisters had published a novel some time before he himself had put pen to paper; his mother, who had never written a line till long past middle age, produced 114 volumes before she died in her seventy-seventh year. Born into such a family, he could not but write, and write much. No man ever subscribed so thoroughly as he to Johnson's favourite theory of writing "doggedly." In inspiration he was no great believer. That a man should only write when in the vein, or when the spirit moved him, was to him a foolish thing. "To me," he says, "it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting. If the man whose business it is to write has eaten too many good things, or has drunk too much, or smoked too many cigars—as men who write sometimes will do—then his condition will be unfavourable for work; but so will be the condition of a shoemaker who has been similarly imprudent." Then, he adds, "I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than the inspiration." He knew well that it was sometimes sneeringly said that work such as he often produced might well be done to order as a shoemaker turned out his shoes, or a chandler his candles. That there is work and work he owns; he owns, too, that such work as his hardly, perhaps, gives a man a right to speak "of the strains

and impulses to which real genius is exposed." Nevertheless, he adds, "my own experience tells me that a man can always do the work for which his brain is fitted if he will give himself the habit of regarding his work as a normal condition of his life." And he concludes:—"I therefore venture to advise young men who look forward to authorship as the business of their lives, even when they propose that that authorship be of the highest class known, to avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pens, and to seat themselves at their desks day by day as though they were lawyer's clerks; and so let them sit until the allotted task shall be accomplished." In all this there is much good sense. The whole gist of the argument lies, of course, in the words *the work for which his brain is fitted*. When a man has once found that out, he will probably have found out also how best he may do it. It is very possible that Trollope's system suited him best, and that under any other he would have done no better, and much less. It is certain, moreover, that while working he did the best that circumstances allowed him. He worked, as he played, with his whole heart; at his desk, in the hunting-field, in the post-office, in society, he equally abhorred all half-measures. Without his wonderful power of throwing his whole being into the present hour, he could never have done what he did within the time allotted to him. But to argue that every one could do the same if he chose is perilous doctrine. Probably very few who might attempt to follow his plan would do one-half as good work as Trollope did; but he himself, one can hardly help suspecting, had he allowed some modifications in it, might have done better. Yet, after all, no arguments on this score can ever reach a definite conclusion. In theory, of course, we all admit that men should live to work; but in practice how few, of those at any rate who follow the profession of letters, but have found that they must work to live!

The chapters in which Trollope has permitted himself to speak critically of his profession, and of those who followed it with him, will not please everybody. Many, for example, will fulminate against his theory that a good plot is "the most insignificant part of a tale"—though Mr. Howells will, of course, be enchanted. Others, again, will be furious at his rather low estimate of Dickens, and his very high estimate of Thackeray. Such things will, of course, please or displease his readers exactly as they may happen to agree or disagree with their own personal feelings. How many of us, when we call this critic a good one and that a bad one, mean more than that we disagree with the one and agree with the other? But, in truth, Trollope had not, as he himself knew well enough, the critical faculty; to speak impersonally of his fellow-workers was not possible to a man of such strong capacities for liking and disliking—though the latter it will, we think, be owned he allowed himself to exercise but very sparingly. Nevertheless he had one quality of great use to a critic, though the present age hardly seems to think so; he had a large natural gift of common sense. For this reason we think these chapters deserve to be read; and if any one may happen to turn to them a quarter of a century hence he may possibly be astonished to find how near the world's voice has gone to confirm the personal likes and dislikes of Anthony Trollope.

Of the man himself, drawn, as he is, to the very life in these volumes, it can scarcely now be needful to say much. Some readers may be surprised to find that from the first page to the last there is no word to show that he ever did a kind action to any human being. But with those who really knew him there will be no surprise. It was as impossible for Trollope to talk of such things as it was for him to avoid doing them; probably there never lived a man who more consistently acted up to the maxim that the left hand should not know what the right hand does. He could pour forth torrents of words on every conceivable subject at every conceivable season; but on this one subject alone no man ever heard a word from his mouth, though of the good actions of others he would talk as long as any one cared to listen. He has been somewhat ill-naturedly described as "banging about the world"; and no doubt his energy was something tremendous. In society he was fond, like Johnson, of "tossing and goring." He dearly loved an argument; "delicious feuds" he calls some of his controversies with the authorities of the Post Office. But beneath this rather pugnacious exterior, all who knew him knew that there beat one of the gentlest, the truest, the most affectionate of hearts. Indeed, the words in which he has recorded his love for one of his friends, who unhappily has not lived to read them, will stand for his own portrait better than any others we can choose:—"A man rough of tongue, brusque in his manners, odious to those who disliked him, somewhat inclined to tyranny, he was the prince of friends, honest as the sun, and as open-handed as Charity itself."

THE ANCIENT EMPIRES OF THE EAST.*

IN studies which are growing day by day, and continually revealing some new fact, or correcting some previous misconception, it is well to take stock of our existing knowledge every now and then, and see exactly what is the point to which our researches have brought us." So Mr. Sayce writes in the preface to his new edition of the first three books of Herodotus. This work is sure to be in the hands of all classical scholars who

* *The Ancient Empires of the East* (Herodotus I.—III.). With Notes, Introduction, and Appendices, by A. H. Sayce, Deputy-Professor of Comparative Philology, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

are interested in the obscure beginnings of Greek life in the historical period. It is Greek life, after all, that chiefly concerns us, and the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Persians are mainly of interest to us so far as they influenced the Greeks. We find it difficult to be much exercised about the names and dynasties of kings, about the wars, famines, plagues, and conquests which ran their course among the Eastern nations. On these matters, as Mr. Sayce proves, the Oriental inscriptions and monuments do contain much information for which we look vainly to Herodotus. But Herodotus, on the other hand, records in language of undying charm the precise impression which the power and learning and manners of the East made on intelligent Greeks when Greece had just awakened to full national consciousness. This testimony to the perhaps prejudiced classical student is worth more than exact information as to who dug this canal or took that city. For this reason, and even more because of the extraordinary charm of the manner of Herodotus, the classical student will always value him much more highly than he is esteemed by Mr. Sayce. To Mr. Sayce (whose own comments are sufficiently characteristic and vivacious) Herodotus is only an ignorant, pretentious, jealous, and even mendacious Greek, who had travelled a good deal, had picked up a quantity of folk-lore and gossip from "dragomen," and who tried to make the most of his material, and to depreciate his predecessors, such as Hecateus.

Mr. Sayce has a very good right to his opinion, as he has travelled over most of the lands described by Herodotus, as he can read inscriptions which were to Herodotus mere hopeless puzzles, and as he enjoys all the advantages of modern criticism. Yet we could wish he was less hard on the "malignity" of Herodotus, whom he seems to regard more as "the Father of Lies" than the "Father of History." Mr. Sayce's criticisms almost reduce Herodotus to the level of Mandeville, and, like Mandeville, he appears to Mr. Sayce to have tried to give the impression that he had been in far countries where he had never really set foot. After enumerating the old opponents of Herodotus—Ctesias, Manetho, Harpocration, Strabo, Lucian, the Pseudo Plutarch, and Josephus—Mr. Sayce says, "it is only wonderful that with all this Herodotus continued to be read." Why, all the Jews, geographers, and Persian medical men in the world could not pluck a leaf from the wreaths of the nine Muses of Herodotus. He continued to be read because he offered such splendid reading. This is a literary, not a scientific, estimate; but how worthless are our shifting sciences compared with the immortal delight of literature!

It is only fair to Mr. Sayce to give a brief abstract of his reasons for thinking Herodotus not only untrustworthy, but consciously dishonest. First, Herodotus lived in a regular literary age, and had all the jealousies of the true literary man. Thus he quotes the older Greek poets, because his education had comprised what modern schoolboys call "a good deal of *rep*"—that is, he had committed much ancient poetry to heart. Sophocles he did not quote, because Sophocles was "the fashionable tragedian of the day," and, therefore, "his tragedies had not formed part of the school education of Herodotus; he had learned no passages from them, and consequently was unable to quote them." This is precisely as if we were to say that Mr. Swinburne's poems formed no part of a modern writer's school education, and that "consequently" a modern writer could not quote Mr. Swinburne. Again we read, "nor did a knowledge of a poet about whom every one was talking bring with it the same reputation for learning as a knowledge of prehistoric worthies like Musæus or Bakia."

So much for Herodotus and contemporary poets. As to contemporary *prosateurs*, "his chief aim was to use their materials without letting the fact be known." Thus Herodotus is distinctly hard on Hecateus, to whom "it is certain that he is largely indebted for his information." He stole his account of the crocodile and the phoenix from Hecateus, or so at least said Porphyry, who at the same time, be it observed, accused Hellanicus of "lifting" from Herodotus. It would be more charitable to suppose that both Hecateus and Herodotus got much the same account of the crocodile and the phoenix from their Egyptian informants. Another crime. Herodotus often refuses to mention the name of a god from reasons of reverence. The god is Osiris, and Mr. Sayce supposes that Herodotus never really "caught the name exactly when taking notes, but instead of confessing the fact deliberately deceives his readers." It appears to us that as Herodotus recognized Osiris in Dionysus (which Mr. Sayce admits), he might have gone on calling him "Dionysus" had he not really been restrained by some scruple no longer intelligible to us. In Book II. 171, his remark is "there are graves of him whom I think it impious to mention in this matter," "yet elsewhere," objects Mr. Sayce, "Herodotus has no scruples about mentioning Osiris under his Greek name, Dionysos." The scruple, whatever it was, arose, we fancy, *ἐν τοσούτῳ πρῆγματι*. Further, Herodotus tries to convey the impression that he had been in Upper Egypt, though he had never "ascended the Nile higher than the Fayûm." He behaves in the same way about Babylon, where Mr. Sayce thinks (on evidence which is not very convincing) that Herodotus never found himself. In Egypt "he had no introductions to cultivated natives" (except one, Mr. Sayce should have said, II. 28). He was "left at the mercy of half-caste dragomen," who, elsewhere, are "custodians of the Temples." This is a somewhat too modern way of speaking. True, Herodotus calls the dragomen "priests"; but that is only his way. Unlucky Herodotus!

Mr. Sayce's plan is to print, with notes, the first three books of Herodotus, and to add appendices on Egypt, Phœnicia, Persia, Assyria, and Babylonia. In his notes the chief defects appear to be a certain dogmatism in the treatment of the myths referred to, and a disposition to introduce hypothetical statements about the Hittites. An example occurs I. 171, note 1. Herodotus says the Carians set the example of wearing crests on their shields. Mr. Sayce conjectures, "perhaps" these devices were "originally Hittite hieroglyphs." This is a very needless guess; the badges were probably representations of animals, as in all heraldry. Combined with the assurance of the general tone there is, on some main points, a lack of consistency, as we think, in the opinions advanced. We admit that we are "blue-moulded for want of a fight" with Mr. Sayce on the Homeric question, to which there is here pretty frequent reference. Mr. Sayce has expressed his agreement with Mr. Paley in the opinion that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, as we have them, are not earlier than the period of Pericles, when they were "modernized" to suit the taste of the time. Herodotus, it is true, quotes the *Iliad* and (if the passage is not spurious) the *Odyssey* (Herodot. II. 116), and his text is our text. But Mr. Sayce has elsewhere expressed his conviction that the Homer of Herodotus is *not* that of Plato, which is ours. How two poems came to be altered between the date of Herodotus and that of Plato (especially as the passages quoted are identical in our version and that of Herodotus) we fail to understand. As hard is it to see how the people who altered the poems "modernized" them, when we find that, in the age of Aristophanes, the epics, far from being modernized, were full of obscurity caused by antiquated expressions. Mr. Paley appears to have been led to such views as these from disbelief in the early Greek use of books. But Mr. Sayce believes in the Abu Simbel inscription, which shows, as he says, that ordinary Greek soldiers could write in the time of Psammetichus. He does not, like Mr. Paley, say the inscription is a hoax, or invent a new Psammetichus for the occasion. He believes in the "library" of Pisistratus, he believes that the Greek poets "were the text on which the teaching of *γράμματα* was based," a teaching earlier (as may be inferred from the inscription) than the sixth century. Thus his premisses may be called the contradiction of Mr. Paley's premisses, yet his conclusion is the same. If Pisistratus had a library, if letters were commonly understood, if poets were the basis of the teaching of reading and writing, how could the Homeric poems, of which Greece was so proud, escape being entrusted to manuscripts till the age of Pericles? There is a minor point on which Mr. Sayce appears to contradict himself so completely that German critics may be forced to maintain that there are two Mr. Sayces. In his notes to I. 68, Mr. Sayce infers that "iron forging was a novelty to the Spartans" in the middle of the sixth century. The fact, he says, bears upon the date of the Homeric poems, which are well acquainted with iron, and Mr. Sayce has further inferred (in the *Journal of Philology*, 1883) that the Homeric references to iron must be later than the middle of the sixth century. But, in his note on I. 25, Mr. Sayce shows he is aware that Glaucus of Chios (whose period is certainly much earlier than *n.c.* 550) was supposed to have invented the soldering of iron. Thus Herodotus throws the date of a subsidiary invention connected with iron back to an indefinite period before the middle of the sixth century, and thus the evidence as to the late date of the passages about iron in Homer is overthrown. Still more odd, Mr. Sayce, in his note on I. 64, speaks of "the iron rings retained at Sparta" as "the previous medium of exchange" before Pheidon of Argos introduced coinage. If this is Mr. Sayce's opinion, he imagines that Sparta had iron rings for money before Pheidon, and yet that, before the middle of the sixth century, the forging of iron was unknown to Sparta. In his note on I. 68 he declares that the tale of the Spartan's surprise at the spectacle of a smithy "effectually disposes of the legend which ascribed to Lykurgos (*sic*), the introduction of iron rings into Sparta as a medium of exchange," and he refers to his own note on I. 55, meaning I. 65. In that note we find that Lykurgos "is said to have forbidden the use of gold and silver money, which was unknown in Greece till the age of Pheidon, the iron rings retained at Sparta being the previous medium of exchange throughout the country." Now what does Mr. Sayce mean? In his note on I. 65 he appears to mean that the iron rings ascribed to the invention of Lykurgos were really a medium of exchange once common to the whole of Greece and which survived in Sparta. In his note to I. 68 he declares that iron was unknown to Sparta till centuries after Pheidon, and this "disposes of the legend which ascribed to Lykurgos the introduction of iron rings into Sparta as a medium of exchange." Whatever Mr. Sayce may mean, the statement about Glaucus of Chios is conclusive against his theory of the late introduction of iron into Greece, and of the lateness of the passages in the Homeric poems which refer to iron.

We have complained that Mr. Sayce is a little dogmatic, and at the same time a little vague, in his references to mythology. To our mind recent Oriental studies have thrown scanty light, if any, on the mythology of Greece. Here is an example. In note 3 on II. 52 Mr. Sayce writes:—"Dionysos was *certainly* of later importation, and came from the East, either from the Phœnicians or from the Hittites." In note 5 on II. 146 Mr. Sayce speaks of "the name of Dionysos (*perhaps* the Vedic *dyumnish*, 'day and night'—Max Müller)." How can Dionysos be either Hittite or Phœnician, and also Vedic? Or are his character and attributes Hittite or Phœnician certainly, while his name is perhaps Vedic? Herodotus recognized the story of the mutilated Dionysus in that

of the mutilated Osiris, and (like other later Greeks) could not but perceive the practical identity of Greek and Egyptian mysteries. He concluded, and the conclusion was natural, that the Greek legend and the Greek mysteries had been brought from Egypt. But we are now acquainted with so many similar mysteries and myths among scattered savage races that it is not very rash to attribute them to the identical workings of the human mind in the savage state. Mr. Sayce accepts the totemistic explanation of the origin of Egyptian animal worship; but he is of little service when we attempt to trace the evolution of the anthropomorphic gods out of the zoomorphic stage. We are disappointed, too, with his treatment of the Osiris myth (*Appendix*, p. 341). He regards it as solar, though it is difficult indeed to see how that interpretation answers better than those discussed and dismissed by Plutarch. What we expected to find was a history of the myth from the monuments. But Mr. Sayce merely writes, "The oldest and most widespread of these myths was that embodied in the legend of Osiris." But how old, in the monuments, is the legend of the box, the mutilation, and the rest of it? The name of Osiris, we understand, occurs as early as the Fourth Dynasty; but where is the earliest record or illustration of his myth? As far as we learn from Mr. Sayce, the religion and mythology of Egypt remain almost as puzzling as ever, save for the light thrown by the totem theory on animal worship. We have another little quarrel with Mr. Sayce. He writes (*II*, 172, note 3):—"The human sacrifices on the summit of Mount Lykaeos indicate the existence of a non-Aryan population in Arkadia." Why? What reason is there for supposing that Aryans are a race apart, not guilty of human sacrifices? The Brahmanas and Vedas not only contain legends of Aryan human sacrifice, but a long myth on the various processes of commutation of the rite. There is a good deal of information on the subject in Satapatha Brahmana (*Sacred Books of the East*, xii. pp. 50, 51) and in Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*. Greece abounded not only in legends of human sacrifice, but retained till very late times not only commutations of the rite, but the rite itself. Certainly the Aryan races, as they grew polished, rejected the custom, but not less certainly they originally were addicted to human sacrifice.

We have not nearly exhausted our differences with Mr. Sayce on subjects wherewith we have some slight acquaintance. It remains however to thank him for so much information as his appendices and notes contain on subjects concerning which information had previously to be sought in obscure and learned periodicals. His remarks are invariably readable and even vivacious; and, however much we may dissent from his opinions, they are opinions which no one can afford to neglect. But, from the language of Herodotus to the latest Hittite inscription, how obscure do these topics remain. We have still to wait long before the secrets of the Eastern empires and of the early times of Greece are revealed. "Misconceptions," as Mr. Sayce says, "are being corrected day by day." How many of the most "advanced" conclusions of the hour-to-morrow will show to be misconceptions! It required considerable literary courage, as well as knowledge, to "take stock" of this fluctuating material, and Mr. Sayce has deserved our gratitude for the general attempt, however we may (and do) rebel against individual conclusions.

We have spoken of Mr. Sayce's Herodotus chiefly in connexion with ancient Greece. His Chaldean and Hittite learning must be left to other critics. But we need not suppose, as Mr. Sayce seems to do (p. 393), that Greek myths which resemble Babylonian myths were in any way borrowed (through Phœnicians and Hittites of course) from Babylon. Myths just as like those of Greece as the Babylonian tales occur among Australians and Andaman Islanders, who knew not the Hittites.

WITHOUT GOD.*

THAT Mr. Percy Greg, after taking to novel-writing for some years with a very considerable measure of success, should now return to the austerer line of *The Devil's Advocate* will only surprise those who are imperfectly acquainted with the remarkable charm exercised by abstract subjects on those who once allow themselves to discuss them. The most paradoxical, but not the least brilliant, exponent of the French *Aufklärung* once assured his readers that he was obliged to give himself up occasionally to diversions more perilous than novel-writing, in order to get rid of the dangerous "obsession" which divine philosophy exercised on him. Other people, perhaps less brilliant if not less paradoxical than La Mettrie, have in more recent days decided that the attraction of discussing fate, freewill, foreknowledge, and kindred matters is one which is only to be safely resisted by flight. To speak with no touch of flippancy, there is something in all the subjects that go, in popular phrase, by the name of metaphysical which is almost prohibitive of mere flirtation with them. Opium itself is not more certain of the renewed allegiance of all those who, having once acquainted themselves with it, do not confine their acquaintance within the most formal bounds.

The range of *Without God*, as its title indicates, is somewhat narrower than that of *The Devil's Advocate*. According to its plan, politics and what is barbarously called sociology are, or ought to be, excluded, though in practice Mr. Greg has not been

able to keep his favourite questions of American and English politics entirely out of the memorial. The subject proper is the ethical and theological developments and capacities of what is popularly called Agnosticism. The characters are much the same as in the former book. "The author" himself, though he is introduced under that *eidolon*, takes but a small part; and, as far as any one may be said to take the lead, it is Cleveland, a Theist and Conservative, who falls short of what is commonly called orthodoxy only from an incapacity to accept what are also commonly called the Christian evidences. Vere, the orthodox cleric, has but a minor rôle. Lestranger, pessimist, and what may be called Nihilist in philosophy, but Tory in politics, delights himself equally in affirming his total disbelief of the ordinary creeds, and in upsetting, partly by cynicism and paradox, partly by argument, the counter constructions of Sterne and Merton, the former an Agnostic with a touch of Positivism, which does not extend to the full swallowing of Comtist religion, the latter a disciple of Saint Augustine and Sainte Clotilde in the fullest sense.

It is probable that a writer of Mr. Percy Greg's intellectual power is fully aware of the deficiencies of the form of dialogue, and there is not much need to insist on them for his benefit. Looking at the matter merely as critics, however, we confess that to our minds much more is lost than is gained by deferring to the revival of a taste which is, under present circumstances of thought and history, factitious. The frivolous public which likes to think that it is not frivolous may buy and read Symposia, but the conditions of the Symposium proper are not present in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Even Plato could not resist the habit of setting up very tottering ninepins and bowling at them with very heavy and straightly aimed bowls; yet the philosophical disputes of Plato's day were mere academic exercises compared to ours, not, it need hardly be said, as regards the importance of their subjects, but as regards the temper of the disputants. The dialogue in literature as in life necessitates an atmosphere of serenity, and serenity is the last thing that the modern reasoner can boast of. Whether he is on the orthodox side or the unorthodox, whether he is arguing for science or for religion, for democracy or for aristocracy, for eternal and immutable morality or for a morality based on all sorts of philosophic afterthoughts, he is like Père Duchêne, he is quite unmentionably in a rage if he is earnest at all. It may be a rage of zeal or a rage of fear, a rage of destruction or a rage of defence, but it is always, or almost always, a rage. Now rage is not the mood of the dialogist. As a matter of fact, though there is much that is acute and much that is valuable in this volume, the brief introduction, in which the author speaks in his proper person and without interlocutors, is by far the most valuable part. In these half-dozen pages the author puts what may be called his Conservative pessimism very well. As an observer he thinks, and boldly says that he thinks, that "all is going to the worse in this worst of all intelligible worlds." As a disputant he endeavours to prove that it ought not to go to the worse, and that in theology as in politics, in ethics as in sociology, the public is letting itself be carried away by reasons "intelligible to but not appreciable by it." This latter distinction, though it may seem at first super-subtle, is both a sound and a valuable one, and we rather wish that Mr. Greg had devoted more space than he has devoted in the body of his book to working it out and applying it. It is, for instance, indisputable that, putting the scientific truth of what is popularly known as Darwinism quite out of question, the intelligibility of the evolution theory, the ease with which it commends itself to a tolerably capable understanding, the facility with which it furnishes keys to all sorts of locks, keys which at any rate turn round to admiration, are things likely in the case of all but very acute minds to obscure altogether the really important and initial questions of the evidence for it and of its bearing on dogmas and systems which it is popularly supposed, almost without inquiry, to supersede. The phenomenon is nothing new in the history of philosophy. It was illustrated just before the appearance of the *Origin of Species* by the popularity of associationist psychology; it was illustrated before that by the popularity of various forms of Kantian or sub-Kantian criticism; it has been illustrated ever since Thales and Zeno of Elea, as well as in all probability long before them. To "explain all the while in a popular style which the public can well understand" has always been a very different thing from proving that the explanation is a true one, a still other thing from proving that it is the only one. In emphasizing the difference, Mr. Greg has done much service; more, we venture to think, than he has done by the more detailed and positive examination of such subjects as his chapter-heads ("Chance or Creation," "Morals of Probability," "The Paradox of Positivism," &c.) indicate.

In the handling of these, however, there is a very large amount of excellent criticism, though perhaps rather too much space is devoted to Positivism proper—a school of thought which in England at least confesses its impossibility by rarely or never finding a frank and whole-hearted champion. The best criticism of all both on this and other points comes from the Tory Nihilist Lestranger. But it is impossible even for the most orthodox reader not to feel that Messrs. Sterne and Merton are very poor creatures. A Legitimist and a High Churchman, with the spirit of the game highly developed in him, might even feel inclined to cry "Give me the daggers" on their side out of pure Quixotism and natural inclination to help babes and sucklings. This is the incurable vice of the dialogue; whatever the spectator may do, the author never can make up his mind to "let the Whig dogs have the best of it," or even to let them make a good fight. Again, Mr.

* *Without God: Negative Science and Natural Ethics.* By Percy Greg. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1883.

Greg's pessimism makes him claim and receive general assent to some very doubtful propositions. For instance, Cleveland says, comparing the present with five-and-twenty years ago, that "Then to express unbelief was to invite insult," while now it is quite different. Now as we read this we could not help thinking of a passage in Mr. Mozley's *Reminiscences*, where it is related how Macaulay once told Samuel Wilberforce, then a boy, that "Not two hundred men in London believed in the Bible." Admitting that Macaulay, fresh from Holland House and the society of men like Allen, may have exaggerated, his statement may fairly be pitted against that of Mr. Greg's Cleveland. And, if any one says that this was fifty, not twenty-five, years ago, the pessimist case is weakened, not bettered. For, if there was any difference between fifty and twenty-five years ago, it consisted in the fact of a wave of religious sentiment having passed over the English world meanwhile. The historical student need not be by any means an optimist to see that in the last three hundred years the maxima and minima of fashionable doubt and fashionable orthodoxy have continually repeated themselves. Again, Cleveland says, and nobody contradicts him, "To-day I should be thought a fool by every man under forty, and many of my own age or older, if I objected to having Ida's [his wife's] photograph exhibited in every window in Regent Street." Now the strongest possible dislike—and it would not be easy to strengthen ours—to a most offensive fashion ought not to blind any man to the fact that this is an enormous exaggeration. Even at its height, it was rare, among the upper and middle class at any rate, to find anything but disgust expressed at the conduct of the few people who lent themselves to it. Yet, again, we cannot possibly understand how a man of Mr. Greg's knowledge can make one of his characters say, once more uncontradicted, "that fifty or thirty years ago men of notoriously evil character and life were, as a rule, excluded from society, were almost invariably hooted from the hustings and the stage." It is perhaps sufficient to remind him that fifty years ago George IV. was just dead and the Marquess of Steyne was still alive. We are as far removed as any one can be from the idle folly of thinking ourselves better than our fathers, or wiser. In fact, we believe that we are rather foolisher, but we pretty certainly are not worse, unless all the satirists and most of the historians of the last three hundred—we might say the last three thousand—years have been in a tale to tell lies.

At the same time, if Mr. Greg errs by this excessive pessimism, which tinges all his characters except the two booby-positivists, he has much wisdom and acuteness in his pages. In arguing the consequences of relaxation of principle on some ticklish points of morality, he speaks with a boldness and truth to which we can hardly remember any match, except, curiously enough, in a very different person, arguing from a very different standpoint—namely, Helvetius. His remarks on the kind of parody of religious sentiment, religious terminology, religious methods of thought, which some anti-religious persons seem half-unconsciously to affect, are, if not novel (they could not well be that), very forcible and just. That as far as any personal creed ascribable to the author can be got out of the book, Mr. Greg will satisfy nobody, does not really much matter. But we are rather surprised that in his staff of disputants he has not included what is certainly a real, if not a very common, character—that of the orthodox Pessimist, nearly as cynical as Lestrangle, and quite as theologically sound as Vere. Indeed, Vere himself is rather a weak vessel, and after courageously battling for Christianity, admits that there is one point in the life of Christ he cannot explain—a remark which shows pretty plainly that he had never got to the root of the matter at all. To some people such a character as is here suggested may seem impossible; but, so long as this is a general idea, so long will there be a general want of philosophical conception of the religion of St. Paul and Tertullian, of Augustine and Anselm, of George Berkeley and Joseph de Maistre.

EUGENIA.*

THIS story has one merit, that of not being very long; but we are unwilling to believe that even "vacuous magnates"—to use Mr. Hardinge's own words—can be so empty-headed and so puzzled to find pastime as to fall back on him for relief. It may be a wet day, and they are kept prisoners within doors. Still, there are the drops of rain to count as they run down the window-panes, there is the fire to stir, and there is the cat to stroke. Life, at its worst, is not so bare of diversions that a man need have recourse to *Eugenia*. The book has, to be sure, one of those three qualities which, according to Sir James Paget, are needful for recreation. It excites wonder—wonder, that is to say, that it finds readers. But this kind of wonder soon disappears, and we are left face to face with the unspeakable dreariness of the story itself.

It opens in an Elizabethan house in Hampshire. Of this old house we very soon have more than enough. The author describes it with all the relish and all the eloquence of an auctioneer, and he returns again and again to the description. We are never safe from it. It starts up suddenly in all places in all three volumes. Thus, the heroine goes into the green-houses—conservatories, we should say—and she passes on "from one great stretch of lofty glass into another in an enchanted atmosphere of light and sweetness." She sees "flowers banking (*sic*) down from

a tall background of immemorial camellias." The morning-room is "a sunny den upstairs, some forty feet long." Succeeding writers, when they bring into their novels Elizabethan mansions, must remember the standard that our author thus sets—forty feet long make one den. They will have to work for themselves the following sum in a rule of three. If in Mr. Hardinge's mansion a den is forty feet long, how many furlongs must be assigned in a castle to a drawing-room? A dance is given, and the vestibule is "crowded with statuary and scented fountains." The vestibule may be likened to the story itself, which is still more crowded with fine words and inane descriptions. The author even comes down to describing the tennis-suits of three worthless officers. One of them wore white knickerbockers and a jersey, with a striped sash and a striped cap, while the other two were in ordinary boating flannels. The owner of this house is a wealthy merchant, Mr. Tomlinson by name. He and his wife, in the first chapter, were expecting guests of great importance. There were Lord and Lady Shortlands, who were not only grand in themselves, but had a duke for a son-in-law. There was Sir Edmund Trefusis, a baronet of sixty thousand a year. There was Mr. Buxton, "a vacuous magnate of rents and acres"; and there was Miss Jefferies, the greatest heiress in the county. There was a poet, the younger son of a nobleman. The heroine, Eugenia, was, to be sure, poor, though of very good family. That she was very like, according to the author, to some of Shakespeare's heroines does not count for much in this catalogue of big people. If she had not a wealth of money, she had, at all events, a wealth of hair—brown hair with a hint of gold. "Your first impression," we are told, "when you looked at Eugenia Brand was that she was not a girl but a woman, your next that you were not a man but an ape." The first impression was natural enough, as the young lady was twenty-eight years old. The second was produced apparently by the comparison that you drew between your own face and her extraordinary beauty. "Yet she had not," we read, "the looks that box your ears." If her looks did not box people's ears, every one when he saw her "was quite sure that she had been a beautiful girl, a beautiful child, a beautiful baby." She was very self-centred, her eyes were not blue, she had qualities like a well-grown shrub, and her smile was rare. Her mouth was not overswift at talking, her gloves were leathern, and leathern was her belt. To it were attached some useful things. She did not formulate opinions readily. Her aunt, Lady Shortlands, intended that she should marry the baronet of sixty thousand a year. To that end she had brought her to the Elizabethan house. He, poor man, was in weak health, and wore irons to strengthen his legs. However, his health improves, his legs grow stronger, his irons are dropped, and towards the end of the third volume the heroine is won. Indeed, at their first meeting they make rapid progress in the path that leads to matrimony. They had afternoon-tea together. She gave him her teacup to set down. "To Sir Edmund she seemed to mean, 'At least you can do something for me.' She satisfied his heart with a sense of perfect rightness. He loved Eugenia." They go into "the enchanted atmosphere of light and sweetness" which we have already mentioned. He gazes at her, and she half sighs. "Her eyes looked limpid and more almond-shaped, she was beginning to be mesmerized a little by the scent-laden air and by Sir Edmund's earnest glance." When they pass out of the green-house, and "stand under the articulating sun"—what, by the way, is an articulating sun?—"they felt to have made a stride in intimacy."

There was no reason in the world why the baronet should not have at once dropped his irons and married the heroine, beyond the unfortunate fact that the author had still two and a half volumes to stuff full of words. The headings of the chapters, as given in the table of contents, had shown us that even baronets must have their trials. The following are the titles of the six chapters into which *Book the First* is divided:—Descriptive—Material—Spiritual—Devilish—Sensuous—Mutual. An officer, Lieutenant Jarvis, appears on the scene, and with him Eugenia in a moment falls in love. It is true that our author exerts all his powers—and in this respect his powers are by no means small—to make this officer a coarse brutal fellow. He is introduced to the heroine just as some one is singing the "Wacht am Rhein," and apparently she mistakes him for a hero. He is described in as strange language as any of the rest of the characters. "His clothes," we read, "accentuated his muscles, and he always wore regulation boots." She was in a glint of sunshine when she caught sight of him, and at once she felt that it was only as a brother that she could love the baronet. He took hold of her racquet at one end while she held it at the other. "She felt as if his hand had grasped her heart." Such a sensation, Mr. Hardinge goes on to say, defies analysis. Yet we could wish that he had made the attempt. At one end of a stick he has a self-centred lady whose looks did not box people's ears, but made them feel that they were apes, not men, and at the other end a man whose muscles were accentuated by his clothes, and whose boots were always regulation. Along the stick a mysterious sensation travels from him to her. It is unsatisfactory to be told, as our author goes on to say, that "it is nothing, and yet it is all oneself; like the influence of weather." Presently a storm bursts on them, and on the bare muscles of his neck and arms—for he had been playing at tennis—the rain-drops seemed to hiss. This hissing, it seems, also defies all analysis, for the phenomenon is left unexplained. Perhaps it shows that the Lieutenant was very hot after his game. The two make love at a great rate, and the baronet's chance of losing his irons seems very poor indeed. Fortunately for him a ball is given. At the supper-

* *Eugenia: an Episode*. By William Money Hardinge. Author of "Clifford Grey." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

table "he experienced that curious sensation which a sympathetic person sometimes feels—that some one else in the room was undergoing a critical, even an agonized, state of mind." This, like the sensations that pass along a racquet, defies all analysis. The heroine's aunt has a fit, and is carried upstairs. The heroine has to be her nurse, and thus cannot meet the man of the accentuated muscles and regulation boots so much as before. She gazes out of the window of the sick room, and sees the flowers "waiting for the morning with a phantasmal air." The house presently not only became very sunny, but "was saturated with the gradual light." The following night, when she again looked forth, it was dark, though not only the moon was up, but also the stars. The author would seem from this to believe that no stars are seen till stars have risen. The aunt recovers enough to plot against the Lieutenant, and by the help of the greatest heiress in the county delivers the heroine. In this she is unintentionally helped by the heroine herself. The old lady had been bled, and so Eugenia, seeing the "subtle gleam" of a Spanish knife, and having "a swirling host of recollections sweeping over her," determines to bleed herself also. When she had lost a good deal of blood, she bound up her arm, opened a volume of Shakspeare, and reading a line or two, was panic-stricken at the thoughts of death. The next morning her lips were grey, her rose-leaf cheeks collapsed. Happily, the bleeding had not affected her hair. That, we are told, had the same wealth of brown as before. The Lieutenant at once noticed the change in her looks, and straightway "his speech was altered like her face." As for himself he was as he had always been, "fresh, sanguine, splendid." The old aunt dies. The baronet loses the greater part of his fortune by the failure of a bank, while all his family jewels are destroyed by a fire. However, his legs grow stronger by the shock. Another lord is introduced, who gives parties "the mere mention of which seems to bring before the senses the essence of all that is most refined and most distinguished in society." At one of these parties the baronet and Eugenia meet. Before long they marry. The wicked Lieutenant waylays them with a loaded pistol on their return from their honeymoon, intending to shoot the bridegroom. Night coming on he grows tired, and lies down to sleep by the roadside. When the carriage with the newly-married couple drove up, "something out of herself impelled the bride to pull the check-string. . . . Her heart beat violently, her frame trembled with emotion; she knew not why. Was it something in the air?" Of course it was not something in the air, as the author very well knew, but somebody on the ground. She takes away the pistol, and the benevolent baronet, covering the fellow up with a fur-lined coat, directs the coachman to tell the lodge-keeper to order a groom to drive down a dog-cart "to be at this gentleman's disposal." The villain presently awakes, sits up, and rubs his blue eyes; but, if we understand the fine words in which the story is brought to an end, he is a villain no more. A blackbird sings, though it was the beginning of October, and the blackbird's song seems to have some good effect on him. He feels at peace with all the peaceful world. His heart forgives all things. He sighs. He smiles. He falls asleep again, "deeper and deeper as the morning grew, sleeping in the green earth's lap, like a child indeed in its mother's arms, until the autumn day was high." It is with these words, as fine as they are foolish, that the book comes to a close. But what, we should like to know, had become of the dog-cart and the groom?

WALKS IN THE REGIONS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH.*

IN everything which Bishop Goodwin has published we detect the kindred intellectual qualities of strength and sobriety. It would not be difficult to suggest *a priori* reasons for the probable co-existence of these two qualities in the work of an eminent mathematician. The Bishop, however, directly asserts, in his interesting preface, that he owes the standpoint from which he is able to view modern scientific controversies which touch religion, and his method of handling them, to the acquaintance which he possesses, as a Cambridge man, with the sciences which are capable of mathematical treatment. He modestly disclaims any title to high position as a man of science or a theologian, but he claims to have been placed upon a unique vantage-ground by his mathematical training. This enables him to mediate fairly and judiciously between the men of science and the theologians, and to call the controversialists on both sides to beware of hurry and rashness in their inferences and conclusions. His first essay, which deals with the difference and the connexion between the two sciences of mechanics and geometry, and which appeared in its first form as far back as 1845, reveals the exact and patient temper in which the author as a mathematician handles every subject. It might seem out of place in the volume but for its clear exhibition of his attitude and manner of working, and perhaps for the moral which he reaches in its last sentence. "All demonstrations," the Bishop holds, "tend to merge in intuition"; and, again, "Human knowledge, as it becomes more clear and is more thoroughly apprehended, converges towards that absolute intuition which is the attribute of the Divine Mind." It must not be supposed, however, that Bishop Goodwin proposes anything so ambitious as "la formule mathématique du bien absolu dans l'univers" which the

French economist, Mme. Clémence Royer, lately claimed to have established by means of a series of equations on individual joy and individual suffering, and on the ground of which she invites all thinkers on both sides to shake hands and sign a treaty of peace. The attempt to solve moral and theological problems by mathematics is hardly likely to commend itself to English theologians or scientists. The attempts made in this direction by our French neighbours, as M. Frédéric Passy pointed out last year, have increased the distance between the contending parties; for while the late Father Gratry had recourse to the infinitesimal calculus to establish the existence of God and glorify His Providence, Mme. Royer has made use of algebra to banish Providence from the world and establish the reign of omniscient atoms. In the Bishop's hand mathematics is not an instrument for closing controversy by a triumphant victory, but is simply a discipline for the controversialists on both sides.

In the essay on "The Unity of Nature" Bishop Goodwin does not so much deny as question the hypothesis of Haeckel that the idea of "purpose" is banished by a scientific observation of nature. In this, as in his equally cool, logical, and judicious questioning of Professor Huxley in the essay on "The Philosophy of Crayfishes," the mathematician virtually seizes hold of the physicist as a man of science, and insists that he shall be all along consistently scientific. The principle which the Bishop reiterates in nearly all the essays, that science is necessarily "atheous," and for that reason cannot be "atheistic," is as binding upon the scientist as it is upon the theologian. If the theologian is not to be allowed to "theologise" when he is dealing with a matter purely scientific, the scientist must keep himself within the same limits, and be careful not to "anti-theologise." It is not hard to convict Haeckel of straying out of a scientific into an anti-theologic mood and attitude through his anxiety to exclude a divine purpose and beneficence from nature. The rudimentary organs of animals are adduced by Haeckel as a formidable obstacle to the theory of a Creator's purpose and beneficence. We wish that we could produce the Bishop's reply, but we could only do this by inserting at least two-thirds of the essay, which does not lend itself easily to a synopsis, and we should have to borrow his diagrams of the curves upon the use of which so much of his argument depends. He believes that the mathematician has a key to the consistency of seeming anomalies and apparently useless excrescences in nature—such as the teeth of whales, the nipples and lacteal vessels of males, or the rudimentary feet of certain snakes—with the idea of purpose in nature. "He," the Bishop says, "will perceive that which the ocular observer does not suspect and cannot believe"—namely, that these useless and unused organs "cannot be removed without absolutely destroying the system of which they form a part." Anomalies such as the unused and useless rudimentary organs "may be conjugate points; they seem utterly inconsistent with purpose; and yet to one who knows the equation of the curve they are as truly part of the curve as the more regular branches." In the essay headed "God in Nature," the Bishop handles the same subject, but in a more popular manner. His illustration of the position that science is "atheous," and therefore not "atheistic," that simply as science it neither recognizes God nor denies Him, is unanswerable. His episcopal experience has doubtless made him aware that it needs to be strongly stated to controversialists who are believers, partly as apology to the fearful and partly as caution to the rash. He takes the case of a physical astronomer. "To the mathematician the mechanics of the heavens are in no way different from the mechanics of a clock. It is true that the clock must have had a maker; but the mathematician who investigates any problem connected with its mechanism has nothing to do with him as such. The spring, the wheels, the escapement, and the rest of the works are all in their proper places somehow, and it matters nothing to the mathematician how they came there. As a mathematician, the investigator of clock-motion takes no account of the existence of clock-makers; but he does not deny their existence." There is a subtle touch of irony in the remark that "he has no hostile feeling toward them," if we suppose the investigator of clock-motion to be a Haeckel. The investigator of the celestial mechanism, to use Laplace's well-known phraseology, simply as an investigator, is exactly in the same position toward the Maker of the heavens as the investigator of the mechanics of a clock is toward the maker of the clock. It is his business to investigate that which exists, not to ask how it came into existence. Hence his work is "atheous," but it is not "atheistic." The Bishop feels that the recollection of this distinction is as important morally as it is intellectually. "It is not desirable," says Bishop Goodwin, "that the reproach of atheism should be thrown about rashly." He chivalrously defends physical investigators against their reckless assailants, and puts himself on their side; but when he has insisted that their sphere shall not be rashly invaded, he reminds them that they too are bound not to violate that "scientific frontier" which separates the contiguous provinces of the *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, and which there is so great a tendency to transgress on both sides. He then shows in turn how the boundary line may be and constantly is violated by the conclusions which the physicist sometimes draws from a number of smart axioms or epigrams which have become current, such as, for instance, "Where faith commences science ends"; "Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke"; "Science opposes to God, Nature." By making such statements serve as dogmas, the physicist is theologizing, or, to speak more correctly, is anti-theologizing, and

* *Walks in the Regions of Science and Faith.* By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Lord Bishop of Carlisle. London: John Murray. 1883.

just in proportion as he begins to divert science into such a by-path he ceases to be scientific. He "has put his science on one side for a moment, in order to make a raid into a territory which by no means belongs to him." The case is summed up by the Bishop at the close of the essay as follows:—"First, 'science does not, and cannot, oppose Nature to God.' Secondly, 'scientific men as such do not make the opposition.' If they do, or ever did, we must hold that Newton, Whewell, Faraday, Sedgwick, and Clerk Maxwell were not scientific men. Thirdly, 'Some scientific men do make, and have made, the opposition; but in so doing they put aside for a time their scientific character, and are led to their conclusions by other than scientific arguments.' The Bishop might have clenched his argument that 'Nature is not the monopoly of scientific men' by alluding to the immense part which has been and is played in the education of men by that which we call 'love of Nature.' This attitude towards Nature has in it nothing whatever of science. It is usually most powerful in those who bring no scientific instruments to aid them in their contemplation of Nature, such as the poet or the landscape-painter, who would find the methods of the scientist an intrusive hindrance instead of a help. When a Wordsworth says, speaking of his youth,

Nature then
To me was all in all,

the Haeckels and Büchners have no right to reply that the poet or the artist as such is too ignorant and ill-furnished to apprehend what Nature is. The Bishop might also have added force to his remarks on the unity of Nature by citing the extraordinary license which Lucretius permitted himself as a poet, notwithstanding its utter contrariety to his fanatical views as a physicist, in the opening of his *De Rerum Natura*. In his beautiful invocation of the goddess Venus, he forces a unity other than physical upon the *natura naturata* by assuming poetically that there is a distinct super-physical *natura naturans*, and addressing himself to a divine being—"Que quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas." When Lucretius looked at Nature as a physicist he could see nothing but a concourse and mixture of atoms, without a unifying providence or a beneficent purpose; but when he looked at Nature as a poet he was driven to impute to it the presence and providence of a divine unity distinct and separate from Nature itself.

In the paper on "The Philosophy of Crayfishes," the Bishop follows Professor Huxley step by step with genial appreciation. Then, according to his habit as a controversialist, after putting himself upon a ground of thorough concord and good-fellowship, or rather on the ground of patient discipleship, he begins with charming good-temper to question his friend or teacher. After he has learned all that Professor Huxley has taught so inimitably about the crayfish, and accepted it as solid fact from the lips of a master, he contests the right of the physical teacher to assume the attitude of a theological or anti-theological dogmatist. Why should he suddenly plunge into the final problem of biology—that of "finding out *why* animals of such structure and active powers (as crayfishes) and so localized should exist?" Professor Huxley dogmatically asserts that the solution of the "why" lies between two hypotheses—that of creation and that of evolution. We need hardly say that he thrusts aside the hypothesis of creation almost with scorn as philosophically worthless. The Bishop really brings back the question to the region of science by asking for some reason why the two hypotheses should be so dogmatically asserted to be contradictory. There are thousands of scientific men who hold both evolution and creation to be true, and who see no difficulty in reconciling them. Nothing can be more reasonable than the Bishop's illustration of a little child who is taught to say in his first catechism, "God made me." The statement will neither seem "unphilosophical nor false when in due time the child learns the process of evolution by which it came into the world."

In the paper on "Natural Theology," which was originally read before the Carlisle Scientific Society and Field Naturalist Club, the Bishop gives little more than a pleasant excursus upon Paley, "one of the brightest ornaments of the city of Carlisle," and he shows reason why a new hearing should be given to his lucid and once famous treatise. Under the heading of "Pessimism" Bishop Goodwin does not deal immediately with Schopenhauer, for he owns that he has not read him and does not intend to do so, which is much to be regretted. He takes the pessimist view of the world, from whatever source it may have come, as an intellectual phenomenon of our generation, and examines it less on its own merit or demerit than on its relation to theism. It is commonly assumed that the adoption of a pessimist view of life must also involve the adoption of blank atheism. This, however, the Bishop does not believe, and he starts and pursues the question, "Whether the being of God is got rid of by this terrible hypothesis?" We confess, for our own part, that we fail to see the exact utility of the inquiry. As a matter of fact, the pessimist is nearly always an atheist, and in Schopenhauer's own land the notion of a man being at one and the same time *Schopenhauerisch und gläubig* would be regarded as absurd. Over against pessimism, or "the doctrine of a hopeless predominance of evil against which it is hopeless to contend," the Bishop places what he calls *Malism*, which is simply the ordinary doctrine of Christians and philosophers—namely, that the world is very evil, but is to be healed. Pessimism, viewed in reference to theism, either implies that the world has had no maker, or has been made, as the Bishop puts it, "by a bungler." But what Schopenhauer really

taught was the somewhat Calvinistic dogma that the world could not and cannot be other than it is. Its evil is not an accident, but predetermined. So with each man. According to Schopenhauer a man's character was determined before all time; it is indelible, and it is folly to think that we can change it. What the Bishop effectually shows is that a pessimism may exist which is not necessarily fatalist, and that a man may be a pessimist of this sort and still retain faith in God. Aristotle's saying that all noble minds have a tendency to melancholy might be adduced as an illustration of the pessimism which is not necessarily atheistic, and it might be extended to every mind which contemplates the world in the light of the Christian faith. Bishop Goodwin observes that there are three hypotheses as to the relation between God and the world which may be consistently held along with pessimism:—"That there is a God, who is either (1) evil, and therefore desiring pessimism; or (2) weak, and therefore unable to check it; or (3) good and powerful, but for some inscrutable reason permitting it." If the Bishop had not pointed it out, the reader would at once have perceived that the second hypothesis is virtually that which was expounded by Mr. John Stuart Mill, and which he seems seriously to have held. We doubt, however, if it can rightly be called pessimism, because Mr. Mill, in contradistinction to the pessimist, in his apology for this view of the universe as the scene of a struggle between "the Highest" and evil, asserts that all history points to an ultimate triumph of good over evil. Pessimism affirms the exact reverse, and it preaches hopelessness, despair, and suicide, on the ground that the triumph of evil over good is predetermined, and not to be averted. The first hypothesis stated by the Bishop, "that there may be an evil God who desires pessimism," is more than "an excruciating hypothesis," as he calls it. It involves a contradiction in terms; for a God who is not "The Good" cannot properly be a God. He would be a devil. It is not hard to show that even if Mr. Mill's alternative involves no intellectual contradiction, as he contended, it involves polytheism rather than theism; for if the power of "the Highest" to do His good will be limited, there must be a force or forces in the universe nearly as strong as His own, and if men believe in the existence of forces so strong, they will be sure to worship them, even although they believe them to be evil.

OLD NORSE POETRY.*

IT would be difficult to overestimate the value and importance of this contribution to English scholarship. Mr. Vigfusson, whom we are lucky to have so long retained at Oxford, had already shown himself for many years an admirable worker in the fields of early Icelandic literature, when in 1878 his great edition of *Sturlunga Saga*, with its masterly and most original prolegomena, placed him beyond question at the head of the old Scandinavian scholars of our day. In that work he had been assisted by Mr. York Powell, and now after an interval of only five years the same two friends put forth a fresh publication, the importance, novelty, and difficulty of which can be known only to those who have themselves taken a few steps in the same thorny field. We have no hesitation in saying that, among those throughout Europe who are best qualified to judge, there will be but one verdict on Mr. Vigfusson's *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*—namely, that it is one of the most important specimens of pure scholarship which have issued from an English press for many years.

When it is stated that ancient Icelandic poetry has never been collected before, and that to form an idea of its extent it has hitherto been necessary to hunt it up in a dozen more or less obscure sources, when it is added that much of it has never hitherto been printed at all, that it occurs in various and distractingly eccentric forms of orthography, and that it is so obscure and allusive that when it is spelt out it is hard for the most practised scholar to discover its meaning, the reader will begin to see what it means to the ordinary student to receive the whole mass of it arranged in chronological order, spelt after a consistent plan, and carefully translated. It appears that as early as 1861 Mr. Vigfusson began to make collections for this purpose, first with the idea of restricting himself to the later Court Poems, but afterwards including the Eddaic Poems. Even then, his quick critical judgment enabled him to make some valuable discoveries; he persuaded himself that the Helgi trilogy was all the work of one man, and he classed other lays together with certainty. It was his intention to publish his *Corpus* in Germany, when incidents occurred to delay his scheme, and, happily, to bring him to England. In 1867 there appeared in Christiania the only edition of the Eddaic Poems which has hitherto ever been of any service to ourselves, an edition to which we are glad to see that Messrs. Vigfusson and Powell bear a high tribute of praise, that of Dr. Sophus Bugge. In this volume, for the first time, the modern science of textual criticism was applied to the Edda. It was, however, too exclusively and too timidly a counterpart of the splendid vellum at Copenhagen, the *Konungsbók Samundar Eddu*, which it followed in all the bewildering eccentricities of its orthography. A single citation from the best-known of all old Icelandic poems, the noble lay of *Völuspá*, will give a fair notion of the radical difference

* *Corpus Poeticum Boreale: the Poetry of the Old Northern Tongue, from the Earliest Times to the Thirteenth Century.* Edited, Classified, and Translated, with Introduction, Excursus, and Notes, by Guðbrand Vigfusson and F. York Powell. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

between the text of Messrs. Vigfusson and Powell and that of the best edition which preceded them:—

BUGGZ.

Ar var alda
þar er ymir bygð,
vara sandr né sær
né svalar unnir,
jör fannak æva
né upphiminn;
gap var ginnunga,
en gras hvergi.

VIGFUSSON.

Ar var alda
þat-es ekki vas;
vara sandr né sær
né svalar unnir,
ierð fansk æva
né upp-himinn;
Gap vas Ginnunga,
enn gras ekki.

Here sense and poetry alike have benefited by a series of emendations, the happiest of which, the exclusion of the reference to Ymir, seems, as far as we can make out, to be due to collation with the little-known Wormian MS. There can be no doubt that the restoration of the text throughout has been the most serious part of the great task, and it was a stroke of genius on Mr. Vigfusson's part to break through the tradition which has bound every previous editor to a slavish following of *Coder Regius*. The veneration with which this relic of antiquity has been regarded by the scholars of the North is by no means to be wondered at. No one over whom the spirit of literary enthusiasm has ever passed can have stood in the Royal Library of Copenhagen and have held in his hands the little narrow vellum volume with Bishop Brynolf's monogram on it without feeling that he has been permitted to touch one of the first treasures of the world of letters. These blackened pages, with their faint and yellow stains, represent in a confused mass a unique body of poetry, the finest flower of ancient Norse imagination, a whole body of documents which, but for its existence, would be inaccessible to the human race. It is the unique preciousness of *Coder Regius* which has blinded scholars to the fact that its wonderful pages are full of gross corruptions of the text. But it is this amiable and reverent weakness which has prevented us until now from having a text of *Edda* which could be accepted with anything approaching to certainty.

To the purely Eddaic lays succeed the Court Poems, the traditional epics which have been principally preserved, often merely in fragments, in the historical prose works of Ari and others. No one who is at all familiar with the outlines of Icelandic literature can fail to have noted the extreme obscurity and cryptic character of these citations, which often present themselves to the pedestrian student as a space of absolutely opaque verse in a framework of transparent and interesting prose. If he has succeeded in finding a meaning for the verses, he has proceeded further to note that the poetry, instead of bearing out the prose, was of a vague and illusory kind, "full of nebulous and mouth-filling phrases," as Mr. Vigfusson puts it. This problem, which previous students have met with, but have not attempted to solve, has occupied a great deal of his attention. The result has been one worthy of the great Bentley in its acumen. It is no less than this—that the Court Poetry, as we now possess it, has been entirely rewritten, in a late rhetorical taste, on the very lines of the old exact poetry. But the discovery here is so curious and interesting that Messrs. Vigfusson and Powell must be allowed to tell it in their own words:—

Every page of our text in the second volume, down to p. 225, abounds in examples, but we may give a few of the most capital at the cost of a little repetition. In Vellekla (which has suffered terribly from the leprosy of "remaniement") there is a verse referred to as authority for the fact that "Earl Hæcon by the strength of his kindred held Thronðham three winters, so that Gundhild's sons got no hold in Thronðham; he waged great battles against Gundhild's sons, and there were slain many men on both sides." But the verse merely says that the prince had a fleet, that he was joyful in battle and waged war,—a hazy, factless, invertebrate sentence, which might refer to any prince in any war,—the sort of stuff that no poet would compose, no patron would pay for, no one would listen to, and surely no one remember as a piece of history. But under these meaningless words lurk the very facts Ari has learnt: "Svaðgi bil" conceals Swafni's bil [winters, years], and under "efjo-lund" lies "æt-lönd" [his native soil—Thronðham]. The "remanieur" has changed all that was concrete into ideal, altered the simple factual phrases into long commonplaces, elegantly expressed; but he has not obliterated all traces of the past; an ingenious alteration of a letter or two in the stressed words has often been sufficient to serve his turn, the rest of the verse of course he has treated much more freely.

The pieces which Mr. Vigfusson has classified in his second volume under the general title of "Court Metre" belong, with a single exception, to the tenth century. That exception is the very interesting and important little lay called *Ragnars Drápa*, or, the Shield-Lay of Bragi. In this poem, which exists in seven fragments that can scarcely be made to fit together, there seems no doubt that we possess a Court-lay of the ninth century. But unfortunately that system of "remaniement" which has just been referred to is met with in its extreme development in what would otherwise be one of the most precious relics of Icelandic literature. Word for word, even measure for measure, the improvements of a later taste have been superimposed, until the text, and even the form, of this poem are corrupt beyond the powers of reasonable critical conjecture. It appears that Bragi was the leading poet of the old Eddaic school in an age which was introducing new foreign forms into Icelandic literature, and that he was the first to suffer from the alterations introduced into his strophes by reciters anxious to please an audience to whom the earlier forms seemed uncouth and old-fashioned. The extent to which the process of modernization prevailed may be estimated from the fact that in the entire *Ragnars Drápa*, as we at present hold it, our editors conceive that but one line of the burden, and perhaps two of the body, of the lay are left as Bragi composed

them, and that two-thirds of the lines are probably left without one single word in them that dates from their composition. Like Homer and Hesiod, Bragi describes a shield, sent to himself by King Ragnar, and he calls upon Hrafn-ketill, the man who brought it to him, to listen to his praise "of the brightly-painted Shield and of the King." There can be no doubt that if we could, by the most fortunate of accidents, recover the full and genuine text of this or any one of Bragi's poems, we should possess a link in the history of ancient Scandinavian literature which must now be always wanting, or supplied only by conjecture. In default of a pure text of *Ragnars Drápa*, oblivion might secure the tribute of our thanks by yielding up that *drápa* which Bragi is said to have made in twenty stanzas, in one night, to deprecate the wrath of Biorn, King of the Swedes, and to save his own head.

As we come down into the tenth century, the poets become more real to us, both in their lives and in their works. Thiodolf was a bard to whose interest in history and mythology we owe much. His *Ynglinga-tal* ranks high among the genealogical epics, and in his splendid *Litýses-song Haust-lög*, from which the actual harvest allusions seem to have dropped away, he gives us invaluable stores of mythological reference. Cormac Ógmundason, a white-skinned Irishman, with black curly hair, who came out to Iceland and fell in love with Steingard, has left a *Sigróðar-drápa* and various fragments and improvisations. Egwind, who bears the unpleasant name of the Plagiarist, wrote verses for which he was paid in rings and brooches; but the great famine of 976 fell upon him, and the poor bard had to sell his "medals and cups" for herrings. Thorleif Redcloakson is the hero of a pretty ghost-story. This unwary poet wrote a satire on Earl Hæcon, who sent a ghost to slay him. The ghost and the poet met on the plain called the Great Moot; but Thorleif had no chance against his phantom adversary, who killed him, and decently buried his body under a cairn. Of one of the less meritorious of the second school of Court-poets, of Hallfred Vandræda-Scald, we possess almost a minute biography, which is more interesting than his existing poems. He was a heathen, who entered Olaf Tryggvason's service in 997, and renounced the gods in very bad verse. He possessed great literary presence of mind; for on one occasion when he was very sea-sick on his voyage to Iceland, and was obliged to stop baling out water in a storm, a wave struck him down on the deck with the boom, on which he had been sitting, on the top of him. His relatives hurried round to know whether he was hurt, and Hallfred promptly answered in a verse. But he had been injured, in spite of his cheerfulness, for very soon he began to see visions and his Fetch in a mail-coat walking on the waves; and do what they would, the poor Hallfred grew worse and worse, and died there at sea before the ship could reach Iceland.

Gunnlaug Snakes-tongue, with his light red hair and dark eyes, with a short nose—"thin of flank he was, and broad of shoulder, and the best-wrought of men"—is a familiar figure to all who have read his Saga, one of the most picturesque and vivid which have come down to us. As Mr. Vigfusson points out, it is from this Saga, with its minute account of Gunnlaug's wanderings in search of themes for song, that we form our most distinct notion of the life of an Icelandic Court-poet, and of the reception which he could demand. Of the scald Hrafn (Raven) who contended with Gunnlaug at Upsala, there remains a charming stanza addressed to his wife Helga, in which the poet says that he dreamed that he lay wounded in her arms, and that, while her bosom was stained with his blood, she tenderly bound up his wounds. Thus posterity has revenged Hrafn on Gunnlaug, who taunted him with the mediocrity of his verses, by preserving one fragment of Hrafn's which has more poetic beauty than any existing poem of Gunnlaug's. Harek of Thiotto, who was the only man who dared to pass through the great Danish Armada in 1027, has left a fine flavour of adventure behind him. This poet, when the weary trudge landwards was beginning, said, "I am too old and too heavy to walk," and dressing his ship like a herring-boat, he shot out past the Danish fleet unobserved. Once out at sea, this vain-glorious child of Apollo "hoisted his sails and showed his gilt vanes; the sails were white as snow and striped white and blue" in defiance. The only surviving passage of Harek's works is a fragment of the lay which he wrote on this inspiring occasion, and in which he declines to give reason for laughter to the maidens of Lund by showing the white feather because Cnut rides out in the Sound.

We despair of giving our readers any idea of the value of these two volumes. The editors have given us full measure, running over. Their translation in prose, at the foot of each page of text, is much more than a mere version. It completes and elucidates the text like a commentary. It is written in clear archaic English, as closely as possible modelled on the language of the Bible, a style which the ancient and mysterious Eddaic songs absolutely demand, if they are to be intelligible. The first volume contains an introduction of 130 pages, dealing with the history of the revival of the Old Learning in Iceland, the condition of the MSS., the evidence upon which the theories of their authenticity rest, and a great variety of kindred themes treated with an exhaustive patience and thoroughness. At the close of the same volume we are presented with two important dissertations, one on the beliefs and worship of the ancient Northmen, the other on the Northern and Old Teutonic Metres. To the second volume are appended dissertations on the figures and metaphors (*kenningar*) employed in Old Northern Poetry, on the chronology of Icelandic verse, and on several more particular points of scholarship. Nothing but want

of space induces us to hurry over these chapters with a bare mention; each one of them might profitably detain us long. The book is provided with three very copious indices, and with notes and appendices of various kinds. We can but repeat our conviction that Messrs. Vigfusson and Powell's *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* is one of the most interesting and most praiseworthy contributions to English scholarship which have appeared for many years past.

VILLARI'S MACHIAVELLI.*

THE third volume of Professor Villari's Machiavelli completes the work. The first two volumes have been successively reviewed in these columns, and the third only confirms the high opinion of the biography which every thoughtful and competent reader must form. As we remarked on a former occasion, it is a biography and something more. That no great man can be understood apart from his age is now no more than a truism, and the writer of the life of a great man must, if his book is to have any real value, travel beyond the strict limits of biography, and deal also with the history and civilization of the period. It has been objected in this case that Professor Villari has devoted too much space to the environment, and too little in proportion to the man; but the remark could hardly have been made by any person who had either read the book through or reflected upon the subject of it. Each period of Machiavelli's life corresponds with and is determined by the political conflicts which went on in his native city and in Italy at large, and the general tenor of his life and character is an insoluble puzzle when looked at apart from the whole civilization of the period. Any other treatment of the subject than that which Professor Villari has adopted would fail to explain precisely what is most in need of explanation in Machiavelli's character and career. The absurd prejudices which for three centuries prevailed as to the man, and which are even now far from being extinct, are due to the fact that the historic spirit, which seeks to know the whole life of past ages, and not merely to register events, is of recent origin, and is still confined to the cultivated classes. It is not through any complexity in Machiavelli's character—for his was the reverse of a complex nature—nor through any attempt on his part to hide himself from his fellow-men and from posterity—for no man was ever franker as to himself—but simply through the absence of any true historical criticism that Machiavelli was so long misjudged. Though unquestionably the greatest figure of his time, he belonged to it in spirit, and did not, any more than others, escape its influence. He was not, indeed, the man to give a new direction to his age, and this he himself recognized. The "corrutella" of Italy was such that its deliverance, even in his eyes, was almost impossible. In spite of his manifold exhortations to the princes and people of Italy to rise up and shake off the yoke of the barbarian, he felt his task to be almost hopeless. The "Prince" who alone could save his country did not appear at Machiavelli's bidding, and he remained until his death as a voice crying in the wilderness. Machiavelli was on the one side a child of his age, and on the other, so far at least as its political conditions are concerned, the thinker and writer who tried in vain to transform it. And for these reasons the study of the conditions under which he lived is essential to the study of his own life and character.

The third volume opens with a chapter on Leo X., his policy, and his court. We need not attempt to follow Professor Villari through the tortuous labyrinth of Papal diplomacy during this pontificate. This diplomacy was no better and no worse than it had been in the time of Julius II. and was again to be under Clement VII. It lacked indeed the energy which the imperious will of Julius at times impressed upon his policy; but the situation of the Papacy, in face of the other Powers of Italy and of Europe, was the same in all three cases. The days had long gone by when the Pope could aspire to be the political Head of Europe; the time had not come when a new religious revival within the Church itself, combined with a more definite political settlement of the various Italian States, caused the Church to regard its functions as mainly, though by no means exclusively, spiritual. The lives of all three Popes were spent in playing off one State against another, leaning now on France, now on Spain; in forming alliances first with one State of Italy and then with another, and abandoning either or both if it served their turn; in making promises only to break them; and in cajoling, using, and betraying in turns all who trusted to them. Leo, like Clement, was a Medici; and, besides the interests which both of them had as Popes, they had in common the further interest to restore and maintain the family supremacy in Florence. That each of the two succeeded in the latter object is well known—Leo, by the Medicen restoration of 1512; Clement, by the re-instatement of the Medici which followed the siege and capture of Florence. Beyond the general outlines of the story, few but special students will care to go; it is related in full detail, with its bearings on Machiavelli's life, by Professor Villari. The perfidious diplomacy of Leo X. did not, however, bring down upon him any such appalling reprisal as that which befell Clement VII. in the sack of Rome in 1527. He was able to pass his life amid all the intellectual and sensual pleasures which he desired, and he lived and died "un gran dilettante."

* *Niccolò Machiavelli, e i suoi tempi, illustrati con nuovi documenti.* Vol. III. ed ultimo. Firenze, Succursori Le Monnier.

In the mass of valuable material contained in this volume it is hard, within the space at our disposal, to choose what to dwell upon. The biography of Machiavelli is here brought to a close. His appointments and his various journeys, and their connexion with the politics of the time, are all narrated in their proper place. He survived the sack of Rome, and the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, which happened in the same year. It was 'also the year of his own death. He did not live to see the last heroic effort of the Florentines to maintain their freedom, and he was spared the final certainty that the deliverance of his country was further off than ever. The outward events, however, of Machiavelli's life occupy, in this volume, a less considerable space than the analysis and criticism of his literary works. Of these we can give but the briefest notice, and of one only, the *Mandragola*, shall we speak at any length. In discussing the Life of Castruccio Castracane, which the author terms a "politico-military romance," and which has long been known to be in great part the fruit of Machiavelli's imagination, he shows step by step the thoroughly unhistorical character of the work. Of the sayings with which the "Life" concludes, and which are attributed to Castruccio himself, eleven have been proved to be taken from the Life of Aristippus by Diogenes Laertius, of which a translation was made in Italy in the fifteenth century. There seems no doubt that in this work, as in the "Prince," Machiavelli's political ideal determined both his choice and his treatment of the subject. In both it is the strong and sagacious ruler who is to reform or create the State, and in whom the State embodies itself. Professor Villari's chapter on the "Arte della Guerra," published in Florence in 1521, is exceedingly interesting even to those who have no practical knowledge of the matter, not only on account of what he says himself on the subject, but from the fact that he has been aided in his task by two distinguished officers, one belonging to the Italian and the other to the German staff. Whatever defects the treatise may have from the point of view of modern strategy and tactics, the fundamental idea of it—the nation in arms—is that which has been finally adopted by the great military Powers of the world. Machiavelli lays special stress, in contradiction to the theory and practice of the middle ages, on the fact that the infantry should form the main bulk of an army, and that the functions of the cavalry, important as they are, must be chiefly subsidiary. "In reading these sentences," says the German critic, "we seem to be listening to a contemporary writer on the theory of war." And again, "I will name him as the first man of modern times who has made universal and compulsory military service the subject of scientific reflection." It is to be remembered that in these matters Machiavelli was a layman, which may account for some of his mistakes, especially that of wholly failing to see the part that firearms of all kinds were thenceforth going to play in warlike operations. On this point the Italian military critic observes, not only that the firearms in Machiavelli's time were exceedingly rude and cumbersome, but that it was not till the invention of the bayonet, by which the advantages of the pike and musket were combined, that firearms became the serviceable weapons which they have since been. It is worthy of note that Machiavelli dwells with no less force on the moral than on the purely military advantages of universal service. That it is the best of all schools of manliness and patriotism is as much his belief as it is that of those who at a later time have founded the system in Germany.

The space at our disposal does not allow us to dwell on Professor Villari's account of the other political or historical works of Machiavelli. Of the Florentine History he gives a copious analysis, and discusses the subject with a judgment and learning which leave little or nothing to be desired. We can only refer the reader to the work itself, and pass on to the lighter, but not less interesting, works with which he amused his leisure.

Among the critical observations made by Professor Villari on the literary works of Machiavelli, none are more interesting and more important than those on the Comedies, and especially on the *Mandragola*. This, in the author's opinion, is the first comedy in the Italian language. By way of an introduction to the subject, Professor Villari treats of the origin and growth of the drama in Italy, and asks afresh the question which has been put before by others—Why did Italy develop at this period no truly national stage? From the old Roman days downwards there had never failed in Italy a popular foundation on which, it would naturally be thought, the classic drama might have been built. But just as, in the writer's opinion, the imitation of the Greeks prevented the Atellan farces and other such popular representations from developing into a national comedy, so did the revival of antiquity at the time of the Renaissance so engross the minds of the cultivated classes that, instead of fostering the native popular drama which they had at their doors and turning it to higher uses, they set themselves to imitate classic models. So deeply rooted is this popular drama in Italy that, after undergoing many transformations in the course of many centuries, it still shows no symptom of decay. That out of it, during this long period, no national drama should at any time have arisen, is one of the curious problems of literature. But, as Professor Villari observes, the absence of separation among classes (as we understand it) which then, as now, prevailed in Italy, gave the example of the learned far more influence on the mass of the people than would have been the case in other countries. To this day themes taken from classical antiquity form the subject of many of the peasant dramas. But,

on the whole of this question the reader cannot do better than consult Professor Villari's work.

"The *Mandragola*," says Macaulay, "is superior to the best of Goldoni, and inferior only to the best of Molière." The former part of this statement, at all events, can be accepted unreservedly; to discuss the second would require too long a digression. That it is a masterly play is incontestable, and a foreigner may safely follow those native critics who assign to it the first place in Italian comedy. The date of its composition is not absolutely certain, but it was written, according to Professor Villari, after the year 1512, "in the least happy days of Machiavelli's life." It is said that its success in Florence was so great that it was afterwards acted in Rome in the presence of Leo X. It is in truth one of the most diverting plays ever written, and at the same time one of the most tragic. Goethe, somewhere in his conversations with Eckerman, calls the attention of his disciple to the tragic element in that scene in *L'Avare* where the son recognizes his father as the unknown usurer who is trying to swindle him. The whole background of the *Mandragola* is coloured with the same hue. The plot and the situations are ludicrous in the extreme; the dialogue is admirably forcible and witty; the characters are drawn with the hand of a master; but the extreme and incorrigible wickedness of most of the actors, and the weakness and folly of the rest, leave a painful after-taste to the reader's enjoyment. It is curious that Macaulay, who judged, on this very ground, the comic dramatists of the Reformation with great severity, should have found nothing in the *Mandragola* to excite a similar repulsion. That Machiavelli wrote the play, not merely in the spirit of a dramatist, but in the bitterness of his heart, is clearly shown in his preface. Some of Professor Villari's remarks on the subject of this play must be quoted in full:—

That which here strikes us most strangely is not the fact of seeing a society always corrupt, and of not meeting a single truly honest and virtuous character; what dismays us is the horrible and awful void in the consciences of all, and seeing them pass from good to bad, almost without being conscious of the change. Callimachus falls in love with Lucretia before having seen her, merely through having heard her beauty and honesty praised; his passion speedily becomes irresistible, and has no other object than a sensual one. He cannot go on living thus, and is inclined to take *qualche partito bestiale crudo e nefando*. . . . When her (Lucretia's) mother, husband, and all urge her to adultery, in order that she may have a son, she is horrified, and resists; but they take her to church, before the confessor, who soon persuades her that there is no sin "in filling a place in Paradise." And she ends, not only by resigning herself, but by being willing daily to enjoy her life in the moral abyss into which they have plunged her. The clearest expression and most complete personification of this state of things is to be found in Fra Timoteo. He says his prayers and mass, attends devoutly to his images and to confession; but, when alms are promised him to induce him to commit an infamous action, he is not in the least troubled. He reflects that more candles will be lighted, more masses said; he examines the sacred writings, and, finding a sophism suited to the case in hand, consents to facilitate the adultery, and persuades the poor Lucretia that evil is good, and that, by dishonouring herself, she will do God service. He reflects for a moment that bad company leads the best into evil; but now the matter is settled, and he is consoled by the thought that all are interested in concealing the offence. He cleans the images, reads again the lives of the Holy Fathers, deploras the scanty devotion of the age, at the very time when he is dominated by the sole desire to know if the adultery prepared and rendered possible by his aid has been accomplished *ad votum*. Then he blesses them all in church.

The whole of Professor Villari's criticism of the *Mandragola* is well worth reading, and compares favourably, both in breadth of treatment and delicacy of perception, with that of Macaulay. It should, however, be noted, as we observed in a review of a former volume of this work, that Macaulay's antithetical mode of writing is less mischievous here than on most subjects, because the antitheses are not merely rhetorical, but are inherent in the Renaissance itself. Where Professor Villari differs from Macaulay, we are compelled to side with the former. "Old Nicias," says Macaulay, "is the glory of the piece." Professor Villari rightly names the Friar as the central and most powerfully drawn figure in the play. Between the "fool positive," as Macaulay terms Nicias, and this strange embodiment of the Catholic Church of that period, we cannot hesitate for a moment. The reader laughs more over Nicias and his imbecilities; but it needed a great satirist and a great psychologist to create such a character as Fra Timoteo. Nevertheless, as one swallow does not make a summer, so one admirable comedy does not make a great dramatic genius. The great inferiority of the *Clizia* and the rest of Machiavelli's plays shows, as Professor Villari remarks, that the drama was not the true field on which Machiavelli could display his powers. Here, again, the writer differs from Macaulay, and we cannot but agree with him. Machiavelli's analytical intellect and his lifelong preoccupation with one political idea would inevitably have stood in his way as a creative artist, even if he could, as Macaulay says, have "devoted himself to the drama." The fact that his greatest creation, Fra Timoteo, is purely a satire on the Church is strong evidence in the same direction.

Professor Villari, like Macaulay, concludes his treatise on Machiavelli in terms of eloquent eulogy. It is hard, indeed, to come to a right understanding of the "best-abused" man in all history—a great patriot, a great thinker, and, considering the times in which it was his lot to live, a good man—without sharing their feelings. On the monument erected to his memory towards the close of last century in the church of Santa Croce in Florence, which every visitor to that city has seen, is engraved the fine inscription:—"Tanto homini nullum par elogium." Perhaps the most adequate and the justest eulogy that has ever been pronounced on Machiavelli is to be found in these volumes. Nothing

has been claimed for him that he did not possess, and nothing worthy of blame in him has been, so far as we know, concealed or extenuated. Professor Villari's work will remain, not only a contribution of the highest value to the general history of the later Renaissance, but a worthy tribute to one of the greatest minds which modern Europe has produced.

THE 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.*

THERE are many regiments whose claims to have the story of their deeds of war handed down to posterity are more considerable than those of the Sutherland Highlanders; there are none which have contributed more by their uniformly admirable conduct and perfect discipline, in the field and in quarters, at home and abroad, to make the title of British soldier respected. We venture to say that of no other regiment, save perhaps one or two, it could be recorded:—"Severe punishments were unnecessary, and so rare was the commission of crime that twelve, and even fifteen, months together have been known to elapse without a single court-martial being assembled for the trial of any soldier of the 93rd, whose presence besides, as an emphatic compliment to their steadiness, was generally dispensed with when the other troops of the garrison were commanded to witness the infliction of corporal punishment."

The regiment was originally raised in 1799, the recruiting being conducted under the immediate superintendence of the Sutherland family. The levy was confined almost exclusively to the northern counties of Scotland, and was completed, not by the ordinary modes of recruiting, but by a process of conscription. The author believes that this furnished the last instance of the exercise of feudal power or influence on a large scale in the Highlands of Scotland. It will read strange to the Young Scotland of to-day that the recruits themselves never seemed to question the right that was assumed over their military service by their chieftain. Only occasionally was discontent manifested by individual parents at the arbitrary proceedings to which in certain cases the conscription gave rise. In 1805 the 93rd sailed with other corps of an expeditionary force for the Cape of Good Hope. There they fought a battle and the enemy was beaten, and the town and garrison of Good Hope capitulated to His Majesty's arms. From other histories we know that the Dutch were the enemy in question. Our author, though he descends into the minutest details, leaves the nationality of the foe a matter for conjecture or argument. While at the Cape the 93rd formed a church, appointed elders and other office-bearers of their own number, engaged and paid a stipend to a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, and had divine service regularly performed. In addition to this there were stated meetings for reading the Scriptures and for prayer. The result was very good, as was evidenced by the blank sheet in the defaulters' book; but we are not at all sure that the results would be equally satisfactory were all regiments to form themselves into voluntary religious societies. Any plan, however, which inculcates respect for religious principle is infinitely to be preferred to the system obtaining across the water, which leaves morality to take care of itself, contemptuously dismissing regimental chaplains, and cares for nothing but the preservation of a mechanical discipline.

The 93rd embarked for Europe in 1814 in the expectation of being in time to take a share in the French war, but arrived only in time to be ordered to America. The campaign which followed was a signal failure for the British. In the disastrous battle of January 8th, 1815, before New Orleans, the 93rd alone lost in killed, wounded, and missing some 21 officers and 600 men. Previously to the action the British employed several days in throwing up batteries which probably cost more money in their construction than any other works of equal size have cost before or since, the reason being that sugar was used instead of earth. "Every storehouse and barn in the neighbourhood was filled with barrels of sugar. Rolling the hogsheads towards the front, they were placed upright in the parapets, and it was computed that sugar to the value of many thousand pounds was thus disposed of."

We have heard officers explain the impossibility of teaching their men outpost duty when quartered in most of the garrison towns of Great Britain. Unless regiments are stationed at one of the standing camps, nothing is more rare than to see a battalion taken out into the country for practice in reconnaissance and outpost work. We may add that few things are more absurd than to regard, as too many officers seem even now to do, the ordinary daily routine drill of the barrack-square as a sufficient preparation for the daily work of war. We read in this work that not long back Colonel Rothe, commanding the 93rd, "was very fond" (of how many commanding officers can this be said?) "of exercising the companies of the regiment on outpost duty." It may interest some officers in charge of regiments to know how he managed it:—"Soon after arriving at Weedon he had called on all the farmers round about, and they had granted him permission to go over their ground for this purpose. The farmers always behaved most kindly, and when a piquet post was near a farm-house, the occupants used to roll out a barrel of beer, and serve out bread and cheese all round, saying, 'Glad to see you, Scotchies.'" From this instance we gather that the thing can be done.

* *Historic Records of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders.* By Captain R. H. Burgoyne. London: Richard Bentley & Sons.

More fortunate than on former occasions in the opportunity of sharing in war on a big scale, the 93rd formed part of the expeditionary force which in 1854 first landed in Turkey, and later on proceeded to the Crimea. The regiment got its fair share of fighting at the Alma, and had the distinction of standing alone to meet the charge of the Russian heavy cavalry brigade at the battle of Balaclava. "I did not think it worth while," said Sir Colin Campbell, referring to the 93rd, "to form them even four deep." Perhaps at that time no other commander would have ventured on what would generally have been considered the very hazardous experiment of receiving a cavalry charge in line. It is a different matter now; and, unless under exceptional circumstances, no officer would be justified in meeting a charge otherwise than in line or echelon.

Not long after returning from the Crimea the regiment was again ordered abroad on active service, this time to India. It formed part of the column which, after going through "fighting as hard as it ever fell to the lot of the Commander-in-Chief to witness," accomplished under Sir Colin Campbell the never-to-be-forgotten relief of Lucknow. The incidental episode of the storming of the Secundrabagh is well related in this volume. The 93rd and Punjab Rifles led the way. "It was a glorious and exciting rush. The opening in the wall was so small that only one man could enter at a time; but a few having gained an entrance, kept the enemy at bay until a considerable number of our men and of the Sikhs had pushed in, when in a body they emerged into the open square of the building, where commenced the sternest and most bloody struggle of the whole campaign." Much as the Sepoys shrunk under ordinary circumstances from close personal collision with our men, here the knowledge that there was no way of escape incited them naturally to the most desperate resistance. On the other hand, "our soldiers, roused to the highest pitch of excitement, and burning to avenge the slaughter of Cawnpore, fought furiously on, gave no quarter, and did not stay their hands while one single enemy stood to oppose them. . . . At the close of the day, the building formed one mighty charnel-house, for upwards of 2,000 Sepoys lay piled in heaps upon each other."

All the best testimony is united in the assertion that Captain, now General, Burroughs of the 93rd was the first man who entered the hole in the Secundrabagh wall. His name was sent in for the Victoria Cross, which was richly merited; but through an unfortunate accident the distinction was refused him. The circumstance shows up once more the weak side of Sir Colin Campbell's character. Captain Burroughs, after entering the breach and receiving a wound, had fought his way with some of his men towards the main gate to burst it open. When this was done Sir Colin rode in. Seeing Captain Burroughs's breast covered with blood he stopped and asked if he was much hurt, then passed on. But, to quote the Captain's personal narrative, "having met me in the gateway, Sir Colin imagined I was one of the party that had entered that way, and nothing could persuade him to the contrary. When my name was sent in to him for the Victoria Cross for being the first through the breach, he scouted the idea. Brigadier Hope, who tried to explain the matter to Sir Colin, told me that Sir Colin had got it fixed in his mind that I had been one of the gateway party, and that he simply dared not argue the matter with him." In General Ewart's *Story of a Soldier's Life*, lately reviewed in these columns, there are several other instances cited which go to prove that Sir Colin Campbell, though a splendid soldier and a man of unimpeachable honour, was nevertheless imbued with tenacious prejudices and fiercely wrapped up in a belief in his own very narrow sense of justice.

We suppose it is inevitable in a work of this kind that much matter should be introduced that cannot be of the faintest interest to any human being. At this moment the records of a certain regiment are kept religiously locked up in the regimental chest, the officer who had undertaken their compilation having, after ten years' labour, produced a manuscript of such gigantic dimensions that it was equally impossible to sift it or to print it. Every conceivable detail which was accessible from the remotest ages of the regimental existence had been seized upon and worked into historical shape. In the present instance things are not nearly so bad; but many details might have been omitted with advantage, together with a good amount of twaddle and gush. Here are some extracts from the diary of a march of the 93rd across India:—"On account of a severe thunderstorm last night the tents did not dry till late in the day." "On the 7th March, 1859, a wing of the 42nd asked the regiment to dinner." "On the 10th March the regiment again dined with the 42nd." "On the 30th Dec. the regiment exchanged carts." On the 31st Dec. they repeated the operation. "On the 16th March the regiment by mistake took the wrong road." On the 17th March it took the wrong road again. All this, and a great deal more to the same effect, is gravely set forth as interesting matter, having been "kindly supplied," much of it, "by the Quartermaster-General in India." Yet the march was in peace-time, absolutely devoid of incident, and was only one of such marches as are annually undertaken by scores of regiments.

It is interesting in these days of short service when so many complaints are heard as to the poor quality of the juvenile, undersized recruits, to look back upon what a British regiment was some forty years ago. The average height of the grenadier company of the 93rd was 5 ft. 10½ in., of the battalion companies 5 ft. 7½ in., and of the light company 5 ft. 9 in. Thus the average size of the regiment attained the very respectable figure of 5 ft. 8½ in. Out of 591 men, there were only 46 under 20 years

of age, the large majority being between 20 and 30 years old. The average age of the battalion was 24½ years, and the average service 6 years, or a little over. Whatever advantages may be derived from the short-service system, we suspect most commanding officers would be little inclined to consider them could they find themselves once more at the head of a "grand old regiment" such as the 93rd was in those days. Yet we cannot alter accomplished facts, but must accept and make the most of what material we get. Let us hope that the glorious traditions of the 93rd will be carried on by the younger hands, and that these last will be as those who went before—"Lambs in peace, lions in war."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE unfairness of Roman Catholic histories written from the ecclesiastical point of view is proverbial, and the Ultramontane reaction of late years has especially contributed to disgrace Church history with virulent and mendacious publications. Catholic Germany is even worse than Belgium or Italy in this respect; and no press, perhaps, has given more pernicious rubbish to the world than that of Kirchheim of Mayence. It is, therefore, a great surprise, as well as a great satisfaction, to greet a book (1) bearing this suspicious imprint distinguished by learning, ability, moderation of tone, and as much candour as the writer can well display without giving up his cause altogether. The history of the ancient Church of Scotland is a difficult one for a Roman Catholic writer. Putting aside the shadowy legends of St. Ninian and St. Palladius, we find its heroic age in Columba's period independent of Roman influences and irreconcilable with the Papal pretensions which triumphant Ultramontanism has made *de fide*. Then follows a long uninteresting epoch; and, when at length an age of faith and devotion recurs, the heroes are not the adherents of the ancient Creed, but Reformers, Puritans, and Covenanters. No man could have acquitted himself of a difficult task more creditably than Dr. Bellesheim. His research is immense; the bibliographical list of his authorities alone is a recommendation to his work. He is, moreover, a sound discriminating judge of his materials; reposes confidence only where it is deserved; and frequently shows his modesty and good sense by allowing some English or Scotch historian to speak for him. His moderation is equally commendable; he weighs the motives of those whose conduct he most disapproves; and never sullies his pages with the abuse which has come to be almost a note of Roman Catholic Church history when written by ecclesiastics. He has, of course, the limitations inseparable from his position; the problems suggested by early Celtic monachism are not faced; and it is painful to see a man of so much natural humanity afraid to say a word in condemnation of the murder of Wishart. But these things cannot be helped; and we are so far impressed by Dr. Bellesheim's general candour as almost to anticipate that in his second volume he will be civil to Queen Elizabeth, and make Mary Stuart a little lower than the angels.

Dr. Hermann Hallwich (2) is known as a champion of the innocence of Wallenstein throughout those mysterious transactions which led to his assassination. According to Dr. Hallwich's theory, Wallenstein was a victim of the intrigues of the Bohemian Chancellor Slavata, who was after his death the principal compiler and prompter of the libels and pamphlets, official and non-official, which sought to establish his treason. One of the charges against him was that of having negotiated with his captive, Count Leo Thurn, whom he released by his own authority, to the great displeasure of the Emperor. It was known that Thurn had published a pamphlet denying this allegation, which was printed at Stockholm in 1636, but of which every trace has been lost since 1641, when it is alluded to by the divine who preached Thurn's funeral sermon. The recent discovery of a MS. copy in the archives at Gotha has afforded Dr. Hallwich an opportunity for reinforcing his argument, and at the same time celebrating the tercentenary of Wallenstein's birth by a republication of the tract. By his own admission, it is terribly disappointing. The excellent Thurn, then nearly seventy, sets out with the intention of vindicating Wallenstein and himself; but, having been led to speak of the transactions which had occurred in Bohemia eighteen years previously, rambles on, and only returns to Wallenstein at the end of his performance. All that can be said is that he disclaims having had any confidential relations with Wallenstein, a fact already to be inferred from Slavata's anxiety to suppress his pamphlet. Dr. Hallwich, who is himself not exempt from the failing of loquacity, has prefixed some prolegomena on the date and place of Wallenstein's birth, and on the private archives containing, or which may be expected to contain, documents respecting him.

Gerhard Van Swieten (3) was a Dutch physician of the eighteenth century, the favourite pupil and confidential friend of Boerhaave, whose works he edited. Deprived after Boerhaave's

(1) *Geschichte der katholischen Kirche in Schottland, von der Einführung des Christenthums bis auf die Gegenwart.* Von Dr. Alphon Bellesheim. Bd. 1. Mainz: Kirchheim. London: Nutt.

(2) *Heinrich Matthias Thurn als Zeuge im Process Wallenstein. Ein Denkblatt zur dritten Säcularfeier Wallensteins.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Hallwich. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Gerhard Van Swieten. Biographischer Beitrag zur Geschichte der Aufklärung in Oesterreich.* Von Willibald Müller. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

death of his professorship at Leyden, on pretext of his being a Catholic, he was invited to Vienna, where he became physician to the Imperial family, and gave a great impulse to the study of medicine. He took a leading share in the reconstitution of the University of Vienna about the middle of the eighteenth century, and helped to rescue it out of the hands of the Jesuits, to whom, although a Catholic, he was greatly opposed. He further discharged the delicate functions of censor, and presided over the Imperial library, where he is accused of having in his zeal against superstition destroyed a number of curious treatises on alchemy; but the charge seems to be groundless. Herr Willibald Müller's memoir of him is a well-written and interesting contribution to the history of intellectual progress in Austria.

Those historians of Alexander the Great (4) whose works have been transmitted to us, having all written long after the transactions which they relate, it becomes important to ascertain from what contemporary sources their narratives have been derived, and with what degree of accuracy these have been followed by them. Six disquisitions on the subject have appeared in Germany of late years, and now Dr. Fränkel consecrates to the investigation a volume considerably more bulky than all the six together. It might be worth while to purchase a definitive solution of the question even at such a price; but it is to be feared that Dr. Fränkel will have gainsaying successors who will make it a point of honour to be at least equally voluminous. Of his learning, industry, and patience there can be no question; and he writes in a spirit of commendable sobriety and good sense. His results may be thus generally stated. Arrian's principal authorities were Ptolemy and Aristobolus. Curtius, Diodorus, and Justin chiefly follow Clitarchus; but each used a different recension, which, in the case of that employed by Curtius, was largely interpolated with matter derived from Aristobolus. Plutarch stands midway between Arrian and Curtius, using both Clitarchus and Aristobolus. Clitarchus's work was not a romance, as has been contended, but had much in common with Aristobolus, though differing widely from the best authority, Ptolemy. All the later historians wrote in good faith, and adhered strictly to their sources of information. None of them used Strabo.

The Transylvanian gipsies, according to Dr. von Wislocki (5), are divided into three tribes, speaking different dialects, according as they inhabit the Hungarian, German, or Wallachian districts of the country. The Hungarian gipsies have retained both their language and their popular songs; the German, their language only; the Wallachian are losing both, and will soon be absorbed into the Wallack population. A copious vocabulary is added to the grammar, which it would be interesting to compare with Borrow's and Leland's lists of English gipsy words. A few words are noted as adopted from the Hungarian.

Brandenburg is one of the last districts in Europe that would be expected to be rich in legendary lore, and, in fact, the researches of its antiquaries do not appear to have brought many fairy tales to light. Notwithstanding, however, the remarkable scarcity of ruins upon which Herr Handtmann comments, there appear to be a number of picturesque tales connected with different localities, most of which have probably a real historical basis. They are, in general, distinguished by sound morality and mother-wit, and make very attractive reading. Even after the researches of Schwarz, Herr Handtmann has been able to compile a supplementary volume (6) of respectable dimensions, and quite free from repetition or dullness.

J. Rudolf Rahn, one of the most distinguished among living German painters, has thrown together a number of very agreeable sketches of art and scenery in Switzerland (7). The most important is a record of pedestrian excursions in the canton of Ticino, delightfully written, and calculated to be very useful to the tourist. Other essays of more strictly artistic character describe the Burck-Masenard collection of Swiss antiquities, now unfortunately dispersed, especially remarkable for its stained glass; the Paris illuminated manuscript of Zurich Minnesingers' works, the Percy Relics of Switzerland; and the life and productions of the Swiss painter Hans Arlduser. Perhaps the pleasantest essay in the book is a biography of Leopold Robert's brother, Aurèle.

A History of Italian Literature, by K. M. Sauer (8), deserves great praise for condensed fulness, clearness of exposition, impartiality, and in general all the qualities which a work of this description should possess. The wealth of the German language in excellent translations has enabled the author to offer numerous specimens of the best Italian poets, from the precursors of Dante down to Leopardi and Carducci. The account of contemporary Italian literature is particularly valuable from the copious list it affords of Italian authors as yet little known beyond the limits of their own country. Some mistakes may be noticed; thus Dante Rossetti and Giovanni Ruffini are spoken of as yet living.

In the same series as Sauer's History of Italian Literature the

publication of a History of German Literature, by F. Hirsch (9), is commenced, and promises well, although the writer has not yet reached the beginnings of German as a literary language. Paulus Diaconus, however, and other contemporary lights of the dark ages, belong properly to the history of Teutonic literature, though they wrote in Latin.

Mme. Michaëlis's knowledge of Spanish literature entitles her judgment to attention when she contends that Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* (10) is partly inspired by *Don Quixote*, especially as she does not attempt to press her point too far.

The most recent among the reprints of German literary curiosities published at Heilbronn (11) are Clement Brentano's *Gustavus Vasa*, a parody upon Kotzebue's tragedy of the same name, and itself an imitation of Tieck's satirical dramas, but much inferior; H. L. Wagner's tragedy, *The Infanticide*, with corrections by Lessing's brother, which do not seem to have improved it; and a commonplace book kept by Goethe in 1770 and 1771. The entries are usually very brief and of a very heterogeneous character; the most elaborate is a parallel between the *Phædros* of Plato and of Moses Mendelssohn. Shakespeare's *King John* is quoted, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's first discourse is mentioned with approbation. Some popular ballads transcribed by Goethe are subjoined, and they were worth his pains.

Any full history of the German drama must be in one sense a great work. Herr Pröls (12) cannot be accused of prolixity; yet he has taken two stout volumes to record all that the literary historian may be fairly expected to chronicle. From the point of view of general human significance the interest of the theme is very much less. Unlike the English, the French, the Spanish, and even the Italian drama, the theatrical art of Germany has been almost barren of influence beyond her own borders. From whatever cause, the rude but spirited beginnings of Hans Sachs and his contemporaries failed to mature into anything deserving the name of dramatic art; native genius was for a time cramped by the affectation inseparable from the imitation of foreign models; and when at last nature found a voice, the period of her creative vigour had gone by, and even such poets as Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing could only offer the fruits of culture and reflection. The German stage is thus universal rather than national; it adds no characteristic type to those already existing, and only offers other nations counterparts of what they already possess. Heinrich von Kleist, indeed, very nearly succeeded in creating a national drama; but his pieces just fall short of that standard of excellence which keeps the less essentially dramatic achievements of Goethe and Schiller on the stage. Since his time the history of the German stage has been that of the modern English, a constant series of essays in the dramatic art, often very admirable, but invariably too abstract and refined to gain the popular appreciation indispensable for a truly living drama. Here and there a Hebbel or a Grillparzer succeeds in establishing a certain hold upon the stage for themselves; but their efforts remain isolated, and they pass away without founding a school. While, however, German theatrical authorship is on the whole a failure, German theatrical management is generally an artistic, if not always a pecuniary, success. In no country have dramatic authors of distinction more frequently devoted themselves to the practical business of the stage, either as managers or as critics. Goethe, Tieck, Illand, Immermann, Dingelstedt, the Meiningen performers, are so many brilliant episodes in the history of theatrical direction, which, perhaps, deserved more attention than Herr Pröls, occupied mainly with the literary side of his subject, has been able to award them.

The papers have just announced the pardon and return to Russia of the novelist Tschernischewski, who has spent the last twenty years in exile in Siberia. The offence imputed to him was the editorship of a secret revolutionary print; and, although his novel "What is to be Done?" (13), written apparently about the same time, abstains from all political discussion, there is nothing in it to suggest that the charge may not be well founded. It is nevertheless to be wished that Tschernischewski could have been left undisturbed at his desk; for, although his romance possesses little artistic merit, its very defects of incoherence, childish naïveté, and questionable morality, render it an interesting and valuable picture of the blind, aimless fermentation which twenty years ago pervaded the progressive elements of Russian society; and he might have thrown equal light upon subsequent phases of the Nihilist movement, had he been suffered to observe them. The story begins, where French novels sometimes end, with the suicide of an accommodating husband, who will no longer stand in the way of his wife's happiness with one better able to appreciate her. The lady is appalled, and renounces her Platonic lover for ever, but is, nevertheless, discovered comfortably married to him about the beginning of the third volume, as she might have been in the next chapter if the other two volumes, after the prologue, had not been purely retrospective. The remainder of the book is very uninter-

(4) *Die Quellen der Alexanderhistoriker. Ein Beitrag zur griechischen Literaturgeschichte und Quellenkunde.* Von Arthur Fränkel. Breslau: Kern. London: Nutt.

(5) *Die Sprache der Transilvanischen Zigeuner. Grammatik, Wörterbuch.* Von Dr. H. von Wislocki. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(6) *Neue Sagen aus der Mark Brandenburg.* Von E. Handtmann. Berlin: Abenheim. London: Nutt.

(7) *Kunst und Wanderstudien aus der Schweiz.* Von J. Rudolf Rahn. Wien: Paesy. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Geschichte der italienischen Literatur, von ihren Anfängen bis auf die neueste Zeit.* Von K. M. Sauer. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt; Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur.* Von Franz Hirsch. Lief. I. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm und Cervantes's Don Quixote.* Von C. T. Michaëlis. Berlin: Gaertner. London: Nutt.

(11) *Deutsche Literaturdenkmale des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts.* In Neudrucken herausgegeben von Bernhard Seuffert. Heilbronn: Heumann. London: Nutt.

(12) *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Deutschland.* Von Robert Pröls. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Schliche. London: Kolckmann.

(13) *Was thun? Erzählungen von neuen Menschen.* Roman von N. G. Tschernischewski. Aus dem Russischen übertragen. 3 Bde. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

resting, and has little connexion with the main plot. The story evinces considerable power of description and much vivacity of dialogue; its chief merit, however, is what would be a fault in the fiction of most other countries—an extraordinary naïveté of thought, speech, and action, which bears every internal evidence of being faithfully derived from the observation of a simple, partly educated, but little cultivated, society; full of good and self-sacrificing impulses, but destitute of all experience; inspired by discontent with its actual position and vague sympathy with foreign ideas often very imperfectly apprehended; trying to work out its deliverance in a blind, instinctive way, neither wholly right nor wholly wrong.

"An Irish Princess" (14), by an anonymous writer rejoicing in the pseudonym of Eduard von (O why not O?) Miletus, belongs to a type of fiction unfashionable and almost obsolete in our day, but is nevertheless entitled to all the respect due to an excellent spirit and a serious purpose. The son of an English nobleman, who makes his *début* in the King's Bench, visits Ireland, discovers a chieftain and a daughter such as Irish imagination loves to figure in the middle ages, but even Irish imagination would hardly venture to assign to the latter half of the eighteenth century; and after some rather mild adventures, recounted in elegant but formal letters, ends by espousing the matchless Glorvina. Persons and things of the Castle Rackrent type are conveniently absent; everything is chivalrous and picturesque, and the hero becomes, what the author no doubt is, an accomplished Irish antiquary, competent to discuss Oisín, and elucidate the history of the Fir-bolgs.

Vom Alten Stamm (15), by Wilhelm Jensen, is more of the ordinary circulating library type, but is nevertheless a good novel, with picturesque descriptions of life and scenery in the North of Germany, and glimpses of the literary and theatrical world.

"The Peter of Danzig" (16), by Reinhold Werner, is a nautical historical romance, displaying no marked ability, but possessing the merits of animation and condensation.

"Other Times, Other Men" (17), by Moritz Jokai, is a fair sample of the work of this prolific Hungarian novelist.

The best part of the contents of the *Deutsche Rundschau* (18) is provided by two eminent German professors, Haeckel and Du Bois Reymond. The former contributes an account of his ascent of Adam's Peak in Ceylon, which might, one would have thought, have formed a chapter of his travels in the island. It is distinguished by his usual brilliancy of description and keen appreciation of the picturesque. The subject of Du Bois Reymond's paper is the double memorial, at length, after many years' debate, erected to the brothers Humboldt in front of the University of Berlin. The discourse is naturally devoted rather to Alexander than Wilhelm Humboldt, and is noteworthy for a vigorous onslaught on the metaphysical character of German science in the former's younger days. Humboldt appears to Du Bois Reymond in the light of a German Bacon, and even he is too ideal and poetical to entirely please his critic. Another interesting article sketches the career of Baron Nothomb, one of the chief founders of the Belgian monarchy. The young country evidently owed its independence to a most favourable conjunction of circumstances, not the least important of which was the presence of Lord Palmerston at the English Foreign Office. There are also two novelettes of superior merit. "Brother Siechthrost," a pathetic, but rather fantastic, story by Paul Heyse, is founded on the legend of the leper-poet of Limburg, told in Heine's Confessions after an old chronicle. Pathos is also the keynote of "The Cemetery Flower," by Wilhelmine von Hillern. Herr Rodenberg's sketches of Berlin life, on the other hand, are lively and entertaining.

The most remarkable contribution to *Auf der Höhe* (19) is the exceedingly forcible and dramatic conclusion of "Pascal Lopez," the powerful tale of Donna Emilia Pardo de Bazan. There are also a highly interesting account of the principal living Russian artists, by Wilhelm Goldschmidt, translations of Bohemian poetry, and a notice of the Russian popular poet Kolzow.

(14) *Eine Irische Fürstentochter*. Roman aus der zweiten Hälfte des 18. Jahrhunderts. Von Eduard von Miletus. Braunschweig: Sattler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Vom Alten Stamm*. Roman von Wilhelm Jensen. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(16) *Der Peter von Danzig*. Historische Erzählung aus der Zeit der Hanse. Von Reinhold Werner. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(17) *Andere Zeiten, andere Menschen*. Roman von M. Jokai. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 1. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(19) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue*. Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 3, Hft. 24. Leipzig: Licht & Meyer. London: Nutt.

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